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COLLECTION

OF

H Y M N S,

FOR THE USE OF

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The READER is requested to correct with his Pen the following *Errata*.

Hymn 150.	ver. 6.	line 4.	for shadow	read shading
175.	4.	3.	thy	my
176.	5.	1.	to	on
179.	3.	3.	deaths	death
189.	7.	3.	again	a gain
190.	5.	1.	describes	descries
210.	1.	1.	the	their
215.	4.	4.	shades	sheds
257.	3.	2.	down	drown
294	1.	3.	mercies	mercy's

Errors in the Names of Tunes and Measures.

Hymn 80.	for Hotham	read Nuneaton.
104.	S. M.	7. 6. Double.
135.	Hotham	Nuneaton.
203.	Hotham	Madely.
217.	Hotham	Madely.
274.	149th Psalm	Geard.

WHAT THINK YOU OF CHRIST? is the test
To try both your *state* and your *scheme*;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not,
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath are your lot.
Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at most:
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost;
So guilty, so helpless am I,
I durst not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he is God.
Some call him a Saviour in word,
But mix their own works with his plan;
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can:
If doings prove rather too light,
(A little they own they may fail),
They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting his name in the scale.

A

Some style him the pearl of great price,
 And say, He's the fountain of joys ;
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world and its toys :
 Like Judas the Saviour they kiss,
 And while they salute him betray ;
 Ah ! what will profession like this
 Avail in his terrible day ?

If ask'd what of Jesus I think ?
 Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
 I say, He's my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store,
 My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend,
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall ;
 My hope from beginning to end,
 My portion, my Lord, and my all.

H Y M N S.

I.

Genesis i.

- L**ET heav'n arise, let earth appear,
Said the almighty Lord ;
The heav'n arose, the earth appear'd,
At his creating word.
- 2 Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep ;
God said, " Let there be light ;"
The light shone forth with smiling ray,
And scatter'd ancient night.
- 3 He bade the clouds ascend on high ;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float upon the air.
- 4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand ;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs and plants, and fruitful trees,
The new form'd globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
Or sun to warm the ground.

- 6 Then high in heav'ns resplendent arch
He plac'd two orbs of light ;
He set the sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.
- 7 Next, from the deep, th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame ;
Fowls of the air, of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.
- 8 To all the various brutal tribes
He gave their wond'rous birth ;
At once the lion and the worm
Sprung from the teeming earth.
- 9 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
At last was Adam made ;
His Maker's image blest'd his soul,
And glory crown'd his head.
- 10 Fair in th' almighty Maker's eye
The whole creation stood.
He view'd the fabric he had rais'd,
His word pronounc'd it good.

2.

Gen. xxviii. 20.—22.

- O** GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
 - 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;

- Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

3.

Submission under afflictions. Job i. 21.

- N**AKED as from the earth we came,
And enter'd life at first,
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred dust.
- 2 Whate'er we fondly call our own,
Belongs to heav'n's great Lord;
The favours lent us for an hour
Are soon to be restor'd.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice, too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

Job iii. 17,—20.

HOW still and peaceful is the grave !
 Where, life's vain tumults past,
 Th' appointed house, by heaven's decree,
 Receives us all at last.

- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease ;
 Their passions rage no more ;
 And there the weary pilgrim rests
 From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd,
 From slav'ry's sad abode ;
 No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
 Or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There servants, masters, small and great,
 Partake the same repose ;
 And there, in peace, the ashes mix
 Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All, levell'd by the hand of death,
 Lie sleeping in the tomb ;
 Till God in judgment calls them forth
 To meet their final doom.
- 6 O may we stand before the Lamb,
 When earth and seas are fled,
 And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
 With blessings on our head !

5.

Job v. 6,—12.

THO' trouble springs not from the dust,
 Nor sorrow from the ground;
 Yet ills on ills, by heaven's decree,
 In man's estate are found.

- 2 As sparks in close succession rise,
 So man, the child of woe,
 Is doom'd to endless cares and toils
 Through all his life below.
- 3 But with my God I leave my cause,
 From him I seek relief;
 To him, in confidence of pray'r,
 Unbosom all my grief.
- 4 Unnumber'd are his wond'rous works,
 Unsearchable his ways;
 'Tis his the mourning soul to cheer,
 The bowed down to raise.

6.

Job ix. 2,—10.

HOW should the sons of Adam's race
 Be pure before their God?
 If he contends in right'ousness,
 We sink beneath his rod.

- 2 If he should mark my words and thoughts
 With strict enquiring eyes,
 Could I for one of thousand faults
 The least excuse devise?

- 3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise ;
Who dares with him contend ?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife
Shall prosper in the end ?
- 4 He makes the mountains feel his wrath,
The hills their seats forsake ;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
And all her pillars shake.
- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise ;
Th' obedient sun forbears :
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.
- 6 He walks upon the raging sea ;
Flies on the stormy wind ;
None can explore his wond'rous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.

7.

Job xiv. 1,—15.

- F**EW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man of woman born !
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
"And shalt to dust return."
- 1 Behold the emblem of thy state
In flow'rs that bloom and die ;
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.
 - 3 Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand
Before thy sov'reign Lord ?
Can troubled and polluted springs
A hallow'd stream afford ?
 - 4 Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head ;

- The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead,
- 5 Great God ! afflict not in thy wrath
The short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.
- 6 All nature dies, and lives again :
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,
- 7 Resign the honours of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked leafless plain
A desolated waste,
- 8 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring
And flourish green again.
- 9 But man forsakes this earthly scene,
Ah ! never to return :
Shall any following spring revive
The ashes of the urn ?
- 10 The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again.
- 11 So days, and years, and ages past,
Descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
Back to the gates of light.
- 12 And man, when laid in lonesome grave,
Shall sleep in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

- 13 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length;
And mingle with the blest !
- 14 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait heaven's high decree,
Till the appointed period come
When death shall set me free.

8.

The great journey. Job xvi. 22.

- B**EHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead !
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.
- 2 Our kindred and our friends are gone ;
Know, O my soul, this doom thy own ;
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,
The same my way, my house the same.
- 3 From vital air, from cheerful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night,
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must I to God's tribunal pass ?
- 4 Important journey ! awful view !
How great the change ! the scenes how new !
The golden gates of heav'n display'd,
Or hell's fierce flames, and gloomy shade !
- 5 Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
And lose in this each mortal care ;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.
- 6 Jesus, to thee my all I trust,
And, if thou call me down to dust,

((III))

I know thy voice, I bless thy hand;
And die in smiles at thy command.

- 7 What was my terror, is my joy;
These views my brightest hopes employ,
To go, ere many years are o'er,
Secure I shall return no more.

9.

Grace.

S. M.

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear :
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way,
To save rebellious man :
And all the steps did grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

- 3 'Twas grace that wrote my name,
In thine eternal book :
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

- 4 Grace forc'd my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

10.

Christ's ascension. Psal. xxiv. 7.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right:
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors give way!"
- 6 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless power possessor,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

II.

Panting after God. Psal. lxxiii.

S. M.

- M**Y God, permit my tongue,
This joy to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul,
Thy mercy shall implore,
No trav'ller in a desert land,
Can pant for waters more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;

- Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.
- 4 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford :
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies ;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 6 The shadow of thy wings,
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

12.

The voice of Christ addressed to the children of men.
Prov. viii. 4.

- N**OW let the list'ning world around
In silent rev'rence hear ;
While from on high the Saviour's voice
Thus strikes th' attentive ear.
- 2 " To you, O sons of men, I call,
" And from my lofty throne,
" Reclin'd in gentle pity bow
" To bring salvation down.
- 3 " Ye thoughtless sinners, hear my voice,
" Attend my words, and live ;
" My words conduct to solid joys,
" And endless blessings give.
- 4 " Each faithful minister is sent
" This message to proclaim ;

- " In ev'ry various providence
 " The language is the same.
 5 " And could the pale forgotten dead,
 " Tho' deep in dust they lie,
 " Arise in visionary crowds,
 " They'd join the solemn cry.
 6 " Forgetful mortals, yet be wise,
 " While o'er the grave ye stand;
 " Lest long neglected love provoke
 " The vengeance of my hand.
 7 " In glad submission bow ye down,
 " Nor steel that stubborn heart;
 " Till mine inexorable voice
 " Pronounce the word, Depart!"
 8 Blest Jesus, may thy Spirit breathe
 On souls which else must die;
 For, till thy grace reflect the sound,
 Thy word in vain will cry.

13.

The house and feast of wisdom. Prov. ix. 1,—6.

- S**EE the fair structure wisdom rears,
 Her messengers attend;
 And charm'd by her persuasive voice,
 To her your footsteps bend.
 2 " Hear me, ye simple ones, (she cries)
 " That lur'd by folly stray,
 " And languish to eternal death
 " In her detested way.
 3 " Enter my hospitable gate,
 " And all my banquet share;
 " For heavenly wine surrounds my board,
 " And angels food is there.

- 4 " Freely of ev'ry dainty taste ;
 " Taste, and for ever live,
 " And mingle with your joys the hopes
 " Of all a God can give.
- 5 " But if seduc'd by folly's arts,
 " Ye seek her pois'nous food ;
 " Know, that the dreadful moment hastes,
 " Which pays the feast with blood."

I 4.

Isaiah ii. 2.—6.

- B**EHOLD ! the mountain of the Lord
 In latter days shall rise,
 On mountain tops above the hills,
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
 Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
 And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Sion hill
 Shall lighten ev'ry land ;
 The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
 Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge ;
 His judgments truth shall guide ;
 His sceptre shall protect the just,
 And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
 Disturb those peaceful years ;
 To plough-shares men shall beat their swords,
 To pruning hooks, their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts,
 Shall crowds of slain deplore ;

They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

- 7 Come then, O house of Jacob ! come
To worship at his shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

15.

Isaiah ix. 2.—8.

- T**HE race that long in darkness pin'd,
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people dwell in day who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun !
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.
- 3 For thou our burden hast remov'd,
And quell'd th' oppressor's sway ;
Quick as the slaughter'd squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.
- 4 To us a child of hope is born ;
To us a Son is giv'n ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.
- 5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore ador'd,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 6 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

The safety and protection of the Church.
 Isaiah xxvi. 1.—6.

- H**OW honourable is the place
 Where we adoring stand ;
 Sion, the glory of the earth,
 And beauty of the land !
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
 The city where we dwell :
 The walls, of strong salvation made,
 Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates ;
 The doors wide open fling ;
 Enter, ye just, that keep the truth
 And statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
 And live in perfect peace ;
 You that have known Jehovah's name,
 And trusted in his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust !
 And banish all your fears ;
 Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
 Eternal as his years.
- 6 What tho' the wicked dwell on high,
 His arm shall bring them low ;
 Low as the caverns of the grave
 Their lofty heads shall bow.
- 7 On Babylon our feet shall tread,
 In that triumphant hour ;
 The ruins of her walls shall spread
 A pavement for the poor.

17.

Strength from heaven. Isa. xl. 27.—30.

- W**HENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
 And where's our courage fled?
 Has restless sin, and raging hell
 Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name
 That form'd the earth and sea?
 And can an all-creating arm
 Grow weary or decay?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might
 In our Jehovah dwell;
 He gives the conquest to the weak,
 And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die;
 And youthful vigour cease;
 But we that wait upon the Lord,
 Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagle's wings,
 And taste the promis'd bliss,
 Unfainting till in heaven arriv'd,
 Where perfect pleasure is.

18.

The Christian race. Isa. xl. 28.—31.

AWAKE, our souls, (away our fears,
 Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
 Awake and run the heav'nly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry faint.
- 3 The mighty God whose matchless pow'r
Things great and marvellous hath done,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their fancied strength,
Shall droop and wither, faint and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode :
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

19.

Isaiah liii.

HOW few receive with cordial faith
The tidings which we bring ?
How few have seen the arm reveal'd
Of heav'n's eternal King ?

- 2 The Saviour comes : no outward pomp
Bespeaks his presence nigh ;
No earthly beauty shines in him,
To draw the carnal eye.
- 3 Fair as a beaut'ous tender flow'r
Amidst the desert grows,
So, slighted by a rebel race,
The heav'nly Saviour rose.
- 4 Rejected and despis'd of men,
Behold a man of woe !

Grief was his close companion still,
Through all his life below.

- 5 Yet all the griefs he felt were ours,
Ours were the woes he bore;
Pangs not his own his spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.
- 6 We held him as condemn'd by heaven,
An outcast from his God,
While for our sins he groan'd, he bled,
Beneath his Father's rod.
- 7 His sacred blood hath wash'd our souls
From sin's polluted stain;
His stripes have heal'd us, and his death
Reviv'd our souls again.
- 8 We all like sheep have gone astray
In ruin's fatal road;
On him were our transgressions laid;
He bore the mighty load.
- 9 Wrong'd and oppress'd; how meekly he
In patient silence stood!
Mute as the peaceful harmless lamb
When brought to shed its blood.
- 10 Who can his generation tell?
From prison see him led,
With impious shew of law condemn'd,
And number'd with the dead.
- 11 'Midst sinners low, in dust he lay,
The rich a grave supplied;
Unspotted was his blameless life,
Unstain'd by sin he died.
- 12 Yet God shall raise his head on high,
Though thus he brought him low;
His sacred off'ring, when complete,
Shall terminate his woe.

- 13 For, faith the Lord, my pleasure then
 Shall prosper in his hand,
 His shall a num'rous offspring be,
 And still his honours stand.
- 14 His soul rejoicing shall behold
 The purchase of his pain;
 And all the guilty whom he sav'd
 Shall bless Messiah's reign.
- 15 He with the great shall share the spoil,
 And baffle all his foes;
 Tho' rank'd with sinners here he fell,
 A conqueror he rose.
- 16 He died to bear the guilt of men,
 That sin might be forgiv'n:
 He lives to bless them, and defend,
 And plead their cause in heav'n.

20.

The same.

Shiloh:

WHO hath our report believed?
 Shiloh come is not received,
 Not received by his own:
 Promis'd branch from root of Jesse,
 David's offspring sent to bless you,
 Comes too lowly to be known.

- 2 Tell me, O thou favour'd nation,
 What is thy fond expectation?
 Some fair spreading lofty tree,
 Let not worldly pride confound thee,
 'Mong the lowly plants around thee,
 Mark the lowest—that is he.

- 3 Like a tender plant, that's growing
Where no waters friendly flowing,
No kind rains refresh the ground,
Drooping, dying, ye shall view him,
See no charms to draw you to him ;
There no beauty will be found.
- 4 Lo ! Messiah, unrespected,
Man of griefs, despis'd, rejected,
Wounds his form disfiguring :
Marr'd his visage more than any ;
For he bears the sins of many,
All our sorrows carrying.
- 5 No deceit his mouth had spoken,
Blameless he no law had broken,
Yet was number'd with the worst :
For, because the Lord would grieve him,
Ye who saw it did believe him
For his own offences curst.
- 6 But, while him your thoughts accused,
He for us alone was bruised ;
Yea, for us the victim bled !
With his stripes our wounds are cured,
By his pains our peace secured,
Purchas'd with the blood he shed.
- 7 Love amazing, so to mind us !
Shepherd come from heaven to find us,
Silly sheep all gone astray ;
Lost, undone, by our transgressions,
Worse than stript of all possessions,
Debtors without hope to pay.
- 8 Death our portion ; slaves in spirit,
He redeem'd us by his merit,
To a glorious liberty.
Dearly first his goodness bought us,
Truth and love then sweetly taught us,
Truth and love have made us free.

- 9 Glory be to him who gave us—
 Freely gave his Son to save us;
 Glory to the Son who came:
 Honour, blessing, adoration,
 Ever, from the whole creation,
 Be to God, and to the Lamb.

21.

The gospel invitation. Isa. lv. 1.

- L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
 And ev'ry heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom hath prepar'd
 A soul reviving feast,
 And bids our longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.
- 5 Dear Lord, the treasures of thy love
 Are everlasting mines,
 Deep as our helpless miseries are,
 And boundless as our sins.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open night and day;
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

The future peace and joy of the church.

Isa. lx. 15,—20.

8.7.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
O my people faint and few :
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you ;
Themes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls, Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow :
Still in undisturb'd possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign,
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

- 3 Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see ;
But your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me :
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- W**HAT though no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe,
 Though vines their fruit deny;
 The labour of the olive fail,
 And fields no meat supply?
- 2 Tho' from the fold, with sad surprise,
 My flock cut off I see;
 The famine pines in empty stalls
 Where herds were wont to be?
- 3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
 And glory in his love,
 In him I'll joy, who will the God
 Of my salvation prove.
- 4 He to my tardy feet shall lend
 The swiftness of the roe,
 Till rais'd on high, I safely dwell
 Beyond the reach of wee.
- 5 God is the treasure of my soul,
 The source of lasting joy,
 A joy which want shall not impair,
 Nor death itself destroy.

Matt. vi. 9,—14.

FATHER of all! we bow to thee
 Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd;
 But present still, thro' all thy works,
 The universal Lord.

- 2 For ever hallow'd be thy name
By all beneath the skies ;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.
- 3 A grateful homage may we yield,
With hearts resign'd to thee ;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.
- 4 From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still :
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in thy will.
- 5 Our sins before thee we confess ;
O may they be forgiv'n :
As we to others mercy shew,
We mercy beg from Heav'n.
- 6 Still let thy grace our life direct
From evil guard our way ;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.
- 7 For thine the power, the kingdom thine ;
All glory's due to thee ;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

25.

Luke ii. 8,—15.

WHILE humble shepherds watch'd their
In Bethle'm's plains by night, (flocks
An angel sent from heav'n appear'd,
And fill'd their plains with light.

- 2 Fear not, he said, (for sudden dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind) ;

- Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 3 To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 The heav'nly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God; and thus
Address'd their joyful song:
- 6 All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will is shewn by Heav'n to men;
And never more shall cease.

26.

The Redeemer's message. Luke iv. 18, 19.

- H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the inward sight,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

27.

Will ye also go away ? John vi. 67,—69.

WHEN any turn from Sion's way,
(Alas what numbers do !)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
" Wilt thou forsake me too ?"

- 2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
To save a wretch like me ;
To whom, or whither, could I go,
If I should turn from thee ?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
Thou art the Christ of God,
Who hast eternal life secur'd
By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angel's join'd,
Could never reach my case ;

Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest'd,
And satisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd,
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No.

28.

Saints in the hands of Christ. John x. 28, 29.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust,
If I am found in Jesu's hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

- 2¹ His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

29.

Christ's sheep the joint care of him and his Father.
John x. 29, 30.

IN one harmonious cheerful song,
Ye happy saints combine;
Loud let it sound from ev'ry tongue,
The Saviour is divine.

- 2 The least, the feeblest of the sheep
To him the Father gave;
Kind is his heart, the charge to keep,
And strong his arm to save.
- 3 In Christ th' Almighty Father dwells,
And Christ and he are one;
The rebel power which Christ assails,
Attacks th' eternal throne.
- 4 That hand, which heav'n and earth sustains,
And bars the gates of hell,
And rivets Satan down in chains,
Shall guard his chosen well.
- 5 Now let th' infernal lion roar,
How vain his threats appear!
When he can match Jehovah's power,
Then I'll begin to fear.

30.

John xix. 30.

BEHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of woe!
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow.

- 2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head.
- 3 'Tis finish'd---was his latest voice;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffer'd pain no more.
- 4 'Tis finish'd---The Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own;

The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's power o'erthrown.

5 'Tis finish'd---All his groans are past ;
His blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
And crown'd him with their spoils.

6 'Tis finish'd---Legal worship ends,
And gospel ages run ;
All old things now are past away,
And a new world begun.

31.

Romans iii. 19.—22.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
Upon their works have built ;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,
Without one vaunting word ;
And humbled low confess their guilt
Before heav'ns righteous Lord.

3 No hope can on the law be built
Of justifying grace :
The law that shews the sinner's guilt
Condemns him to his face.

4 Jesus ! how glorious is thy grace ?
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a right'ousness
That makes the sinner just.

32.

Dead to sin by the cross of Christ. Rom. vi. 1, 2. 6.

S. M.

- S**HALL we go on to sin,
 Because thy grace abounds,
 Or crucify the Lord again,
 And open all his wounds?
 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
 Nor let it e'er be said,
 That we, whose sins are crucify'd,
 Should raise them from the dead.
 3 We will be slaves no more,
 Since Christ has made us free,
 Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
 And bought our liberty.

33.

The good that I would, I do not. Rom. vii. 19.

S. M.

- I** WOULD, but cannot sing,
 Guilt has untun'd my voice;
 The serpent sin's envenom'd sting
 Has poison'd all my joys.
 2 I know the Lord is nigh,
 And would, but cannot pray;
 For Satan meets me when I try,
 And frights my soul away.
 3 I would, but can't repent,
 Tho' I endeavour oft;
 This stony heart can ne'er relent
 Till Jesus make it soft.
 4 I would, but cannot love,
 Tho' woo'd by love divine;

No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.

- 5 I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will ;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.
- 6 Oh could I but believe !
Then all would easy be ;
I would, but cannot---Lord, relieve ;
My help must come from thee !
- 7 But if indeed I *would*,
Tho' I can nothing do ;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.
- 8 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will,
As now I am of power.
- 9 Wilt thou not crown at length
The work thou hast begun ?
And with a will afford me strength,
In all thy ways to run.

34.

The different success of the Gospel. 1 Cor. i. 23, 24.
2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

CHRIST and his cross is all our theme,
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

- 2 But souls enlight'ned from above,
With joy receive the word ;

They see what wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Shines in their dying Lord.

- 3 The vital favour of his name
Restores their fainting breath:
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

35.

Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c. 1 Cor. i. 30.
S. M.

HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
To cheer our souls arise.

- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heav'n;
But in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiv'n.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways,
'Tis his the infected heart to cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign pow'r, thy healing grace.
And thine atoning blood.

36.

Death and immediate glory. 2 Cor. v. 1. 5.—8.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high,
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Soon shall this earthly frame dissolv'd
To death and ruin fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That makes thee meet for heav'n;
And as an earnest of the place,
His Spirit here has given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith grounded on his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 What faith rejoices to believe
We long and pant to see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

37.

*The love of God shed abroad in the heart.
Eph. iii. 16.*

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls embrace,
The depth, and height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasureable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ his son.

38.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit. Rom. viii. 14, 16.
Eph. i. 13, 14.

WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

1 *Thess. iv. 13. to the end.*

- T**AKE comfort, Christians! when your friends
 In Jesus fall asleep;
 Their better being never ends;
 Why then dejected weep?
- 2 Why inconsolable as those
 To whom no hope is giv'n?
 Death is the messenger of peace,
 And calls the soul to heav'n.
- 3 As Jesus died and rose again
 Victorious from the dead;
 So his disciples rise and reign
 With their triumphant Head.
- 4 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
 Christ shall with shouts descend;
 And the last trumpet's awful voice
 The heav'ns and earth shall rend.
- 5 Then they who live shall changed be,
 And they who sleep shall wake;
 The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
 And earth's foundations shake.
- 6 The saints of God, from death set free,
 With joy shall mount on high;
 The heav'nly hosts with praises loud
 Shall meet them in the sky.
- 7 Together to their Father's house
 With joyful hearts they go;
 And dwell forever with the Lord
 Beyond the reach of woe.
- 8 A few short years of evil past,
 We reach the happy shore,
 Where death divided friends at last
 Shall meet to part no more.

2 Tim. i. 12.

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his cross,
And honour all his laws.

2 Jesus, my Lord? I know his name,
His name is all my boast;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 I know that safe with him remains,
Protected by his pow'r,
What I've committed to his trust,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own his servant's name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8. 18.

MY race is run; my warfare's o'er,
The solemn hour is nigh,
When, offer'd up to God, my soul
Shall wing its flight on high.

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
Depending on his word.

- 3 Henceforth there is laid up for me,
 A crown which cannot fade ;
 The right'ous Judge at that great day,
 Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the sov'reign Lord decreed
 This prize for me alone ;
 But for all such as love, like me,
 Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 From ev'ry snare and evil work
 His grace shall me defend,
 And to his heav'nly kingdom safe
 Shall bring me in the end.

42.

Heb. iv. 14. to the end.

- W**HERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
 The house of God not made with hands,
 A great High Priest our nature wears ;
 The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who for men their surety stood,
 And pour'd on earth his preci'us blood,
 Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,
 The Saviour, and the friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
 He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
 Partaker of the human name,
 He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow suff'rer yet retains
 A fellow feeling of our pains,
 And still remembers in the skies
 His tears, his agonies and cries.
- 5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
 The man of sorrows had a part :

He sympathises with our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known ;
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r
To help us in the evil hour.

43.

Love tokens. Heb. xii. 5.—11.

AFFLICTIONS do not come alone,
A voice attends the rod ;
By both he to his saints is known,
A Father and a God !

- 2 " Let not my children slight the stroke
For chastisement I send ;
Nor faint beneath my kind rebuke,
For I am still their friend.
- 3 The wicked I perhaps may leave
Awhile and not reprove ;
But all the children I receive,
I scourge because I love.
- 4 If therefore you were left without
This needful discipline,
You might with cause admit a doubt
If you indeed were mine.
- 5 Shall earthly parents then expect
Their children to submit ?
And will not you, when I correct,
Be humbled at my feet ?
- 6 To please themselves they oft chastise,
And put their sons to pain :
But you are precious in my eyes,
And shall not smart in vain.

- 7 I see your hearts at present fill'd
 With grief and deep distress;
 But soon these bitter seeds shall yield
 The fruits of righteousness."
- 8 Break thro' the clouds, dear Lord, and shine,
 Let us perceive thee nigh!
 And to each mourning child of thine
 These gracious words apply.

44.

Sinai and Sion. Heb. xii. 18,—24.

- NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
 The tempest, fire, and smoke,
 Not to the thunder of that word
 Which God on Sinai spoke;
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
 The city of our God,
 Where milder words declare his will,
 And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
 Of angels cloth'd in light!
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turn'd to fight!
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there,
 Whose names are writ in heav'n!
 And God, the judge of all, declares
 Their vilest sins forgiv'n.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
 But one communion make;
 All join in Christ, their living Head,
 And of his grace partake.

6. In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest ;
 The man that dwells where Jesus is,
 Must be for ever blest'd.

45.

Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

- F**ATHER of peace, and God of love,
 We own thy power to save,
 That power by which our Shepherd rose
 Victorious o'er the grave.
2. Him from the dead thou brought'st again,
 When, by his sacred blood,
 Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore
 Th' eternal cov'nant stood.
3. O may thy Spirit seal our souls,
 And mould them to thy will,
 That our weak hearts no more may stray,
 But keep thy precepts still:
4. That to perfection's sacred height
 We nearer still may rise,
 And all we think, and all we do,
 Be pleasing in thine eyes.

46.

Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ.

1 Pet. i. 3,—6.

- B**LESS'D be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord :
 Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
 His majesty ador'd.

- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 Though sin has doom'd our mortal flesh
To mingle with the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Head arose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day ;
'Tis incorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.
- 5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
Till the salvation come ;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

47-

Christ unseen and beloved. 1 Pet. i. 8.

S. M.

- N**OT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face ;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
 - 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow,
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

48.

1 *John* iii. 1,—4.

BEHOLD th' amazing gift of love
 The Father hath bestow'd
 On us the sinful sons of men,
 To call us sons of God.

- 2 Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,
 By this dark world unknown,
 A world that knew not when he came,
 Ev'n God's eternal Son.
- 3 High is the rank we now possess;
 But higher we shall rise;
 Though what we shall hereafter be,
 Is hid from mortal eyes:
- 4 Our souls, we know, when he appears,
 Shall bear his image bright;
 For all his glory full disclos'd
 Shall open to our sight.
- 5 A hope so great and so divine
 May trials, well endure,
 And purge the soul from sense and sin,
 As Christ himself is pure.

49.

Persevering grace. Jude 24, 25.

S. M.

TO God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.

- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

50.

Rev. i. 5.—9.

- T**O Him that lov'd the souls of men,
And wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honours rais'd our head,
And made us priests to God ;
- 2 To Him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love !
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above !
 - 3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes !
His saints shall bless the day ;
While they that pierc'd him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay.
 - 4 I am the First, and I the Last ;
Time centers all in me ;
Th' almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

Judgment. Rev. i. 7. vi. 14.—17. xxii. 17. 20.

Helmley.

- L**O ! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain !
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah !
 Jesus now shall ever reign.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the great Messiah see.
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away :
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the tramp proclaim the day ;
 Come to judgment,
 Come to judgment ! come away !
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear !
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air :
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear !
- 5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit,
 Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom !
 Promis'd glory to inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home :
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

- 6 Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine exalted throne :
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own.
 O come quickly,
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

52.

A new song to the Lamb that was slain.

Rev. v. 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.

- B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb
 Amidst his Father's throne :
 Prepare new honours for his name,
 And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
 The church adore around,
 With vials full of odour sweet,
 And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
 And these the hymns they raise :
 Jesus is kind to our complaints,
 He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 For ever on thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
 Hast set the pris'ner free,
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

53.

*Christ Jesus the Lamb of God worshipped by all the
creation. Rev. v. 11.—13.*

- C**OME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
" To be exalted thus :"
" Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
" For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine :
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

54.

Christ's humiliation and exaltation. Rev. v. 12.

WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name ?

- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of life that groan'd and dy'd ;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are his due,
Whom Pilate doom'd the cross to bear :
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.
- 4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss ;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men :
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say *Amen*.

55.

Rev. vii. 13. to the end.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine ;
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

- 2 Lo ! these are they from suff'rings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now, with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,

E

- And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 'Mong pastures green he leads his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

56.

A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men.
Rev. xxi. 1.—4.

- L**O! what a glorious sight appears
To our admiring eyes;
The former seas have pass'd away,
The former earth and skies.
- 2 From heav'n the New Jerus'lem comes,
All worthy of its Lord,
See all things now at last renew'd,
And paradise restor'd.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing:

Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

- 4 The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode :
He dwells with men ; his people they,
And he his people's God.
- 5 His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye ;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die.
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

57.

THE spacious firmament on high ;
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?

What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?

- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice :
For ever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine."

58.

Creation and Providence.

LORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys,
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

- 2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise
And speak their source divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air ;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.
- 4 Thy wisdom, power and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear ;
And, O ! let man thy praise record,
Man, thy distinguish'd care !
- 5 From thee the breath of life he drew ;
That breath thy power maintains ;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.
- 6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd ;
By revelation's brightest rays,
Still more divinely bless'd.

- 7 Thy Providence his constant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.
- 8 On us that Providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays ;
O may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise !

59.

Prayer for the extension of the Gospel.

S. M.

- O** LORD our God arise,
The cause of truth maintain ;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease ;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

60.

Praise to God for creation and redemption.

- L**ET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace ;
But our loud song shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.
- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne ;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

- 3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word ;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame :
Salvation to the Lord !
- 4 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound ;
Rocks, hills, and vales, return the voice
In one eternal round.

61.

The incarnation of Christ. Luke ii. 14.

- M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join
And chaunt the solemn lay ;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And swept the sounding lyre.
- 3 The theme, the song, the joy was new
To each angelic tongue,
Swift through the realms of light it flew,
And loud the echo rung.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
The pealing anthem ran,
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song ;
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the heav'nly throng.
- 6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
" Glory to God on high ;

" Good-will and peace are now complete,
 " Jesus was born to die."

- 7 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail,
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend;
 Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

62.

Christ is the substance of the Levitical priesthood.

THE true Messiah now appears,
 The types are all withdrawn :
 So fly the shadows and the stars
 Before the rising dawn.

- 2 No smocking sweets, no bleeding lambs,
 Nor kid, nor bullocks slain :
 Incense and spice of costly names
 Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
 His mitre and his vest,
 When God himself comes down to be
 The off'ring and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh to show
 The wonders of his love ;
 For us he paid his life below,
 And prays for us above.

63.

Redeeming Love.

COME, heav'nly love, inspire my song
 With thy immortal flame,
 And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
 The Saviour's lovely name.

- 2 The Saviour ! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blisful sound !
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.
- 4 God's only Son, (stupendous grace !)
Forsook his throne above,
And swift to save our wretched race
He flew on wings of love.
- 5 Th' Almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode ;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.
- 6 O the rich depths of love divine !
Of blis a boundless store !
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.
- 7 On thee alone my hope relies ;
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

64.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

HE dies, the friend of sinners dies :
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;
A solemn darkness veils the skies ;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;

He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood !

- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men ;
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus the dead revives again.
The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns,
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.
Say, " Live for ever, wond'rous King,
" Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting ?
" And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

65.

The resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 56.

Salisbury.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day !
Sons of men, and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye heav'ns—and earth, reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

- 4 Lives again our glorious King,
 "Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
 Once he died our souls to save;
 "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted head;
 Made like him, like him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What tho' once we perish'd all,
 Partners of our parents' fall;
 Second life let us receive,
 In our heav'nly Adam live.
- 7 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
 Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail! the resurrection—thou.

66.

The resurrection of Christ. Luke xxiv. 34.

Trumpet.

- Y**ES, the Redeemer rose;
 The Saviour left the dead;
 And o'er our hellish foes
 High rais'd his conquering head;
 In wild dismay
 The guards around
 Fall to the ground,
 And sink away.
- 2 Lo! the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet;
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their way.

From realms of day
To Jesu's tomb.

- 3 Then back to heav'n they fly,
The joyful news to bear;
Hark, as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!

Their anthems say,
" Jesus who bled
" Hath left the dead;
" He rose to-day."

- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry,
" Jesus who bled
" Hath left the dead
" No more to die."

- 5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'd us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising reigning God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

67.

BLEST morning, whose first dawning rays
Beheld the Son of God
Arise triumphant from the grave,
And leave his dark abode.

- 2 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,

- Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave combin'd their force
To hold our Lord in vain ;
Sudden the Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord !
We sacred honours pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King !
Let heav'n and earth and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.

68.

The resurrection of Christ.

S. M.

- C**HRISTIANS, dismiss your fear ;
Let hope and joy succeed ;
The great good news with gladness hear,
The Lord is ris'n indeed.
- 2 The promise is fulfill'd,
Salvation's work is done ;
Justice with mercy's reconcil'd,
For God hath rais'd his Son.
- 3 He quits the dark abode,
From all corruption free ;
The holy harmless child of God
Could no corruption see.

- 4 Angels with saints above
 The rising victor sing;
 And all the blissful seats of love
 With loud hosannas ring.
- 5 Ye pilgrims too below,
 Your hearts and voices raise;
 Let ev'ry breast with gladness glow,
 And ev'ry mouth sing praise.
- 6 My soul, thy Saviour laud,
 Who all thy sorrows bore;
 Who died for sin, but lives to God,
 And lives to die no more.
- 7 His death procur'd thy peace;
 His resurrection's thine:
 Believe, receive the full release,
 'Tis seal'd with blood divine.

69.

Praise to God for redemption.

Salisbury.

- C**HRISt is risen from the dead,
Hallelujah!
 High ascended as our Head,
Hallelujah!
 Enter'd heav'n with his blood,
Hallelujah!
 Seated on the throne of God.
Hallelujah!
- 2 Now his work appears complete,
Hallelujah!
 For he reigns in glory great;
Hallelujah!

F

Angels sound his praise aloud,
Hallelujah !
Praise him all ye saints of God.
Hallelujah !

3 God is pleas'd in Christ his Son,
Hallelujah !
For the work that he hath done,
Hallelujah !
For the glory he hath giv'n
Hallelujah !
To the Lord of earth and heav'n.
Hallelujah !

4 Justice now has met with grace,
Hallelujah !
Peace and righteousness embrace ;
Hallelujah !
Hope has lifted up her head ;
Hallelujah !
Christ has risen from the dead.
Hallelujah !

70.

Another.

Salisbury.

GLORY be to God on high,
Hallelujah !
Who hath brought the guilty nigh,
Hallelujah !
Through the true atoning blood,
Hallelujah !
Of the precious Lamb of God.
Hallelujah !

- 2 Glory be to Christ on high,
Hallelujah !
 Who for sinners came to die,
Hallelujah !
 All Jehovah's wrath endur'd,
Hallelujah !
 Life to guilty men secur'd.
Hallelujah !
- 3 Now the law's demands are paid,
Hallelujah !
 All its precepts Christ obey'd;
Hallelujah !
 Glory to redeeming grace
Hallelujah !
 Shines in our Immanuel's face.
Hallelujah !
- 4 Glory to the sacred Three,
Hallelujah !
 Who are one and all agree
Hallelujah !
 In their record of the Son,
Hallelujah !
 God is pleas'd with what he 'th done.
Hallelujah !

71.

It is finish'd ; or, Redemption completed.

Helmfleay.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
 Rending rocks the words attesting,
 Shaking earth and veiled sky ;
 " It is finish'd !"
 Was the Saviour's dying cry.

- 2 That which prophets long predicted,
That which legal sacrifice
Only shadow'd, not effected,
That which justice satisfies,
Now is finish'd !
So the dying Saviour cries.
- 3 Now redemption is completed,
Sin aton'd, the curse remov'd,
Satan, death, and hell defeated,
As his rising fully prov'd ;
All is finish'd,
Here our hopes do rest unmov'd.
- 4 O the life, the peace, the pleasure
Which these charming words afford ;
Heav'nly blessings without measure
Flow to us through Christ the Lord :
" It is finish'd !"
Let our joyful songs record.
- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Sound aloud Immanuel's fame ;
All creation swell the chorus,
Dwell on this delightful theme,
" It is finish'd !"
Glory to the worthy Lamb.

72.

The Jubilee.

Trumpet:

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace :
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

The loving kindness of the Lord. Psal. lxxiii. 7.

Derby's 100.

- A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great !
- 3 Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing with rapture and surprize,
His loving kindness in the skies.

Redeeming love.

Salisbury.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name :
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from blifs no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.
- 7 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
Those tremendous foes of ours,
From their cursed empire drove ;
Mighty in redeeming love.

- 8 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string,
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

75.

The goodness of God. Nahum i. 7.

- Y**E humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise !
Not all the raptur'd songs above,
Can render equal praise.

The wonders of Redemption.

AND did the holy and the just,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?

- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
Surprising mercy ! love unknown !
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead ;
For man, (O miracle of grace !)
For man the Saviour bled.
- 4 Dear Lord, what heav'nly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood !
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free ;
And may I hope *that* love extends
Its sacred power to me ?
- 6 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine ?
O take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

77.

Salvation ascribed to Christ.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 What pleasure to our ears !
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,
 To thee the praise belongs :
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

78.

Praise for the fountain opened. Zech. xiii. r.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.

- 4 E'er since, by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save ;
When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me !
- 7 'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless years,
And form'd by power divine ;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

79.

Salvation.

- S**ALVATION ! what a glorious plan !
How suited to our need !
The grace that raises fallen man
Is wonderful indeed !
- 2 'Twas wisdom form'd the vast design,
To ransom us when lost ;
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.
- 3 Strict justice, with approving look,
The holy cov'nant seal'd ;
And truth and power undertook
The whole should be fulfill'd.
- 4 Truth, wisdom, justice, power and love
In all their glory shone,

When Jesus left the courts above,
And dy'd to save his own.

5 Truth, wisdom, justice, power and love
Are equally display'd,

Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above,
Our Advocate and Head.

6 Now sin appears deserving death,
Most hateful and abhor'd;

And yet the sinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

80.

Praise for Redeeming Love.

Hotham.

LET us *love*, and *sing*, and *wonder*,
Let us *praise* the Saviour's name !
He has hush'd the Law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame :
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us *love* the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies,
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes :
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us *sing*, tho' fierce temptations
Threaten hard to bear us down !
For the Lord, our strong salvation *,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown :
He who wash'd us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

* Rev. ii. 10.

- 4 Let us *wonder*, grace and justice
Join and point to mercy's store ;
When thro' grace in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles and asks no more :
He who wash'd us with his blood,
Has secur'd our way to God.
- 5 Let us *praise*, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthron'd on high ;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky *.
" Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood :
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God !"
- 6 Hark ! the name of Jesus sounded
Loud from golden harps above !
Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
Faint our praises, cold our love !
Wash our souls and songs with blood,
For by thee we come to God.

81.

Praise for the incarnation.

Salisbury.

- S**WEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name ;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When he came, the angels sung,
" Glory be to God on high ;"
Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
Who should louder sing than I ?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,

* Rev. v. 9.

Bleed and suffer in my room,
And can'st thou, my tongue, be still?

- 4 No, I must my praises bring,
Tho' they worthless are and weak ;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend !
Ev'ry precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

82.

Jehovah Jesus.

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode ;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great, supreme, the mighty God.

- 2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense ;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the sky,
As when the six days work he made
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim ;
That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well plac'd hopes with joy I see :
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal
To worship him who dy'd for me.

- 6 As man he pities my complaint,
His power and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

83.

The name of Jesus. Cant. i. 3.

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place ;
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Altho' with sin defil'd ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.
- 5 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King ;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

- 7 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

84.

Grateful remembrance of Christ.

- R**EMEMBER thee ! remember Christ !
 While memory holds her place,
 Can we forget the Lord of Life
 Who saves us by his grace ?
- 2 The Lord of Life with glory crown'd
 On heaven's exalted throne,
 Forgets not those for whom, on earth,
 He heav'd his dying groan.
- 3 The promis'd joy he then obtain'd
 When he ascended hence,
 Up from the grave to God's right hand,
 A Saviour and a Prince !
- 4 His glory now no tongue of man
 Or seraph bright can tell :
 Yet still the chief of all his joys,
 That souls are sav'd from hell.
- 5 For this he came and dwelt on earth ;
 For this his life was giv'n ;
 For this he fought and vanquish'd death ;
 For this he pleads in heav'n !
- 6 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
 Your grateful praise to give ;
 Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
 Who died that you might live !

85.

Grateful recollection—Ebenezer. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

Madely.

- COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise :
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Praise the mount---O fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home :
 Jesus fought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 O ! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee !
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love---
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

86.

Not ashamed of Christ.

JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee !
 Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days.

- 2 Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let ev'ning blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon :
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee:
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend !
 No ; when I blush---be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes I may
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then---nor is my boasting vain---
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
 And O may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not asham'd of me.

87.

Jesus precious to them that believe. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

- J**ESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear ;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heav'n might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust ;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is fordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
 In thee doth richly meet ;

Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there :
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath ;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

88.

Christ the burden of the song.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee ;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice,
To us in mercy speak,
And in our priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec !
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
We'll sing our Jesu's blessed name
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

Praise to the Redeemer.

MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name ?

Lord of men, as well as angels,

Thou art ev'ry creature's theme.

Hallelujah,

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

- 2 Lord of ev'ry land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days !
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise. Hal.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought,
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought. Hal.
- 4 For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain ;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow :
Blessed be thy gentle reign ! Hal.
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along ;
Thought is poor, and poor expression :
Who dare sing that awful song ? Hal.
- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie ?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence !
Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.
- 7 Did archangels sing thy coming ?
Did the shepherds learn their lays ?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hal.

- 8 From the highest throne in glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe;
 All to ransom guilty captives :
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow. Hal.
- 9 Go, return, immortal Saviour !
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne ;
 Thence return, and reign for ever :
 Be the kingdom all thine own. Hal.

90.

Christ's intercession typified by Aaron's breast-plate.
 Exod. xxviii. 29.

- NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
 Our great High Priest above,
 And celebrate his constant care,
 And sympathetic love.
- 2 Tho' rais'd to a superior throne,
 Where angels bow around,
 And high, o'er all the shining train,
 With matchless honours crown'd.
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears
 Deep graven on his heart ;
 Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
 That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide
 Our everlasting trust,
 When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
 Are moulder'd down to dust,
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
 May thy dear name be worn,
 A sacred ornament and guard,
 To endless ages borne.

91.

*Divine drawings celebrated ; or, Gratitude the spring
of true religion. Hof. xi. 4.*

MY God, what filken cords are thine !
How soft, and yet how strong !
While pow'r and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.

- 2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin ;
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away ;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords we onward move
'Till round thy throne we meet ;
And captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conq'ror's feet.

92.

*The dying love of Christ constraining to thankful
devotion. 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.*

SEE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne ;
Accept our humble cheerful vow ;
Thou art our sov'reign, thou alone.

- 2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
Ev'n cold affliction's wint'ry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
- 3 Smile on our souls and bid us sing,
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour king,
The condescensions of his love.
- 4 Amazing love ! that stoop'd so low,
To view with pity's melting eye
Vile men, deserving endless woe !
Amazing love ! did Jesus die ?
- 5 He died to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone ;
O let his praise each hour employ,
'Till hours no more their circles run.
- 6 He died !—ye seraphs, tune your songs,
Resound, resound the Saviour's name ;
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wond'rous theme.

93.

The power of the Gospel.

- T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above ;
In this Jehovah bids us trace
The strength of his almighty grace.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind ;
This heav'nly balm, whose sov'reign pow'r
Can guilty ruin'd man restore.
 - 3 The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice and live :

Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

- 4 Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the Lamb;
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.
- 5 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let finners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

94.

Praise the Redeemer.

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched finners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

*The promises of the Covenant of Grace. Isa. lv. 1, 2.
Zech. xiii. 1. Mic. vii. 10. Ezek. xxxvi. 25. &c.*

IN vain we lavish out our lives,
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Our God will ev'ry want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by cov'nant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

3 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

4 Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Though black as hell before:
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.

5 Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolv'd by love;

6 Or he can take the flint away
That would not be refin'd,
And from the treasures of his grace
Bestow a softer mind.

There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And ev'ry motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

- 8 Thus will he pour salvation down,
 And we shall render praise :
 We the dear people of his love,
 And he our God of grace.

96.

Tempted—but flying to Christ the refuge.

Hotham.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high !
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past :
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 All in all in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness,
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;

Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

97.

The Covenant God.

Leoni.

THE God of Abram praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above ;
 Ancient of everlasting days
 And God of love !
 JEHOVAH great I AM !
 By earth and heav'n confess'd !
 We bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abram praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth we rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand.
 To Abram and his seed
 Th' inheritance he gave,
 By solemn oath confirm'd the deed,
 Nor will deceive.

3 We all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r,
 And him our only portion make,
 Our shield and tow'r.
 Tho' nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds we urge our way
 At God's command.

- 4 The God of Abram praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide us all our happy days,
 In all his ways.
 The goodly land we see,
 With peace and plenty blest ;
 The land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest.
- 5 There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our Righteousness,
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace.
 The ransom'd nations bow
 Before the Saviour's face ;
 Joyful their crowns of glory throw,
 O'erwhelm'd with grace.
- 6 We too shall see his face,
 We shall his pow'r adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.
 To Jesus' God and ours
 Be endless glory giv'n,
 Who in his Son our bliss secures,
 As heirs of heav'n.

98.

The fulness of Christ. John i. 16. Col. i. 19.

149 Psalm.

A FULNESS resides
 In Jesus our head,
 And ever abides
 To answer our need ;
 The Father's good pleasure
 Has laid up in store

A plentiful treasure
To give to the poor.

- 2 Whate'er be our wants
We need not to fear,
Our num'rous complaints
His mercy will hear :
His fulness shall yield us
Abundant supplies ;
His power shall shield us,
When dangers arise.

- 3 The fountain o'erflows
Our woes to redress,
Still more he bestows,
And grace upon grace :
His gifts in abundance
We daily receive ;
He has a redundancy
For all that believe.

- 4 Whatever distress
Awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace
Will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us,
And silence our fear ;
For nothing can hurt us
While Jesus is near.

- 5 When troubles attend,
Or danger or strife,
His love will defend
And guard us thro' life ;
And when we are fainting,
And ready to die,
Whatever is wanting,
His hand will supply.

99.

The spiritual coronation. Cant. iii. 11.

Miles Lane.

Angels.

ALL-HAIL the power of Jesu's name,
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Martyrs.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

Converted Jews.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small !
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Believing Gentiles.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go---spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners of every age.

5 Babes, men, and fires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall ;
Now joy with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners of every nation.

- 6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Our selves.

- 7 Oh ! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

POO.

Longing for an interest in the Redeemer.

Cookham.

- G**RACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My requests vouchsafe to hear ;
Hear my never ceasing cry,
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honour I disdain,
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain ;
These can never satisfy,
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt ;
Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin ;
On thy mercy I rely,
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost,
In thy grace alone I trust ;

- With my earnest suit comply,
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6 Thou dost promise to forgive
All who in thy Son believe ;
Lord, I know thou canst not lie,
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 7 Father, dost thou seem to frown ?
Let me shelter in thy Son ;
Jesus, to thine arms I fly,
Come and save me, else I die.

101.

Longing for the spread of the Gospel.

- O 'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze :
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary ;
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption
Freely purchas'd win the day
- 4 By the beams of gospel-mercy,
Let the path of life be shewn ;

To the idol serving nations
 Let thy holy name be known.
 For possession
 Give the Heathen to thy Son.

- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase ;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

102.

Psalms xxxvi.

- G**REAT Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Bless the dark world with heav'nly light ;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 2 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renew'd, in sins forgiv'n :
 Forgive our sins, our souls renew,
 And make thy word our guide to heav'n.

103.

The increase of the Church.

- S**HOUT, for the great Redeemer reigns,
 Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread ;
 And sinners, freed from Satan's chains,
 Own him their Saviour and their Head.
- 2 God's sons and daughters, from afar,
 Daily at Sion's gates arrive ;
 Those who were dead in sin before,
 By sov'reign grace are made alive..

- 3 O may his conquests still increase,
And ev'ry foe his power subdue !
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories shew.
- 4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above ;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

104.

Wisdom. Prov. viii. 22.—31.

Cookham.

- E**RE God had built the mountains,
Or rais'd the fruitful hills ;
Before he fill'd the fountains
That feed the running rills ;
In me, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting,
And wisdom is my name.
- 2 When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swath'd about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood ;
He wrought by weight and measure,
And I was with him then ;
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine, the sons of men.
- 3 Thus wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlasting lover
Of our unworthy race !
Thy gracious eye survey'd us
Ere stars were seen above ;

In wisdom thou hast made us,
And dy'd for us in love.

- 4 And couldst thou be delighted
With creatures such as we !
Who, when we saw thee, slighted
And nail'd thee to a tree ?
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine !
The voice that speaks in thunder,
Says, " Sinner, I am thine !"

105.

The refuge, river, and rock of the Church.

Isa. xxxii. 2.

HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains ;
Now seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

- 2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill ;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sov'reign will.
- 3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,
In yonder world above ;
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.
- 4 His right'ousness, to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a hiding-place and shield
From enemies and storms.
- 5 This land, through which his pilgrims go,
Is desolate and dry ;

But streams of grace from him o'erflow,
Their thirst to satisfy.

- 6 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty Rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.
- 7 How glorious he ! how happy they
In such a glorious Friend !
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

106.

Jesus my all.

146 Psalm.

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power ?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

- 2 Tho' hot the fight, why quit the field ?
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield ?
- 3 When creature-comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep ; but why should I ?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.
- 4 Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.
- 5 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supply'd ;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.
- 6 Tho' sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

- 7 Tho' faint my pray'rs, and cold my love,
My stedfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.
- 8 Against me earth and hell combine;
But on my side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

107.

Lovest thou me? John xxi. 16.

Cookham.

- H**ARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me!"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
Oh for grace to love thee more!

108.

Another:

Cookham.

- 'TIS a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought;
 Do I love the Lord or no?
 Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame?
 Hardly sure can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name!
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Pray'r a task and burden prove,
 Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn mine eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild;
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do;
 You that love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
 Chuse the ways I once abhor'd,
 Find, at times, the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
 Thou who art thy people's sun,

Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

109.

How shall I put thee among the children ?
Jer. iii. 19.

ALAS! by nature how deprav'd,
How prone to ev'ry ill !
Our lives to Satan how enslav'd,
How obstinate our will !

- 2 And can such sinners be restor'd,
Such rebels reconcil'd ?
Can grace itself the means afford
To make a foe a child ?
- 3 Yes, grace has found the wond'rous means,
Which shall effectual prove,
To cleanse us from our countless sins,
And teach our hearts to love.
- 4 Jesus for sinners undertakes,
And dy'd that we may live ;
His blood a full atonement makes,
And cries aloud, " Forgive."
- 5 Yet one thing more must grace provide,
To bring us home to God,
Or we shall slight the Lord who dy'd,
And trample on his blood.
- 6 The Holy Spirit must reveal
The Saviour's work and worth ;
Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heav'nly birth.

- 7 Thus, bought with blood, and born again,
Redeem'd, and sav'd by grace;
Rebels, in God's own house, obtain
A son's and daughter's place.

110.

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit ; or fervency of
devotion desired.*

- COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys :
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever lie
In such a lifeless state ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

III.

*Backsliding and returning ; or, the Backslider's
Prayer.*

Clark's.

- J**ESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wand'ring sheep ;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep :
 Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all its freeness shewn ;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me through thy dying love,
 The humble contrite heart ;
 Give, what I have long implor'd,
 A portion of thy love unknown ;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die ;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Smile in thy gracious eye :
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down ;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Look as when thy pitying eye
 Was clos'd that we might live ;
 " Father (at the point to die,
 My Saviour pray'd) forgive !"

Surely with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries, " 'Tis done !"
 O my loving, bleeding Lord,
 This breaks my heart of stone.

112.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

Deut. xxxiii. 25.

- A**FFLICTED faint, to Christ draw near,
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear,
 His faithful word declares to thee,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
 How shall I stand the trying day ?
 He has engag'd by firm decree,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
 - 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
 And if the conflict should be long,
 Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
 For as thy days, thy strength shall be.
 - 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
 Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
 In fiery trials thou shalt see,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
 - 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
 Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
 Or deep distress, or poverty,
 Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
 - 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
 He comes to set thy spirit free,
 And as thy days thy strength shall be.

113.

The Penitent.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
 A guilty rebel lies;
 And upwards to the mercy seat
 Presumes to lift his eyes.

2. O let not justice frown me hence;
 Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
 Forbid it that Omnipotence
 Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes
 In ceaseless torrents flow.
4. But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt:
 No tears but those which thou hast shed,
 No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
 And all my sins forgive:
 Justice will well approve the word,
 That bids the sinner live.

114.

He beheld the city, and wept over it. John xix. 41.
 S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep;
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears,
 Angels with wonder see!

Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

- 3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear ;
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
No weeping can be there.

115.

*Repentance from a sense of divine goodness ; or,
A complaint of ingratitude.*

S. M.

IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow.

- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind !
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind.
- 3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays ;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.
- 4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men ;
But we, more brutish far than they,
Reject his easy reign.
- 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh ;
Break, sov'reign grace, those hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 6 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,

And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

116.

Asking the way to Sion. Jer. l. 5.

SION, the city of our God,
How glorious is the place !
The Saviour, there, has his abode,
And sinners see his face.

- 2 Firm against ev'ry adverse shock,
Its mighty bulwarks prove ;
'Tis built upon the living rock,
And wall'd around with love.
- 3 There all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die ;
And streams of grace and knowledge flow,
The soul to satisfy.
- 4 Come, set your faces Sion-ward,
The sacred road enquire ;
And let a union to the Lord,
Be henceforth your desire.
- 5 The gospel shines to give you light,
No longer, then, delay ;
The Spirit waits to guide you right,
And Jesus is the way.
- 6 O Lord, regard thy people's pray'r,
Thy promise now fulfil ;
And young and old by grace prepare
To dwell on Sion's hill.

I will not let thee go except thou blest me.

Gen. xxxii. 26.

Fairfax.

- L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow,
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am,
Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name !
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r ;
Mercy heard and set him free :
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen,
Yet have been upheld till now ;
Who could hold me up but thou ?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need ;
This emboldens me to plead :
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?
- 7 No---I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesu's sake.

The narrow way.

WHAT thousands never knew the road !
 What thousands hate it when 'tis known,
 None but the chosen tribes of God
 Will seek or chuse it for their own.

- 2 A thousand ways in ruin end,
 One only leads to joys on high ;
 By that my willing steps ascend,
 Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.
- 3 No more I ask, or hope to find
 Delight or happiness below ;
 Sorrow may well possess the mind
 That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.
- 4 The joy that fades is not for me,
 I seek immortal joys above ;
 There glory without end shall be
 The bright reward of faith and love.
- 5 Cleave to the world, ye sordid worms,
 Contented lick your native dust ;
 But God shall fight with all his storms
 Against the idol of your trust.

Man by nature, grace, and glory.

LORD, what is man ? extremes how wide,
 In this mysterious nature join !
 The flesh, to worms and dust ally'd,
 The soul, immortal and divine.

- 2 Divine at first, a holy flame
 Kindled by the Almighty's breath ;

- Till, stain'd by sin, it soon became
The seat of darkness, strife, and death.
- 3 But Jesus, O amazing grace !
Assum'd our nature as his own,
Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.
- 4 Now what is man, when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood ?
Again a life divine he feels,
Despises earth, and walks with God.
- 5 And what, in yonder realms above,
Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be ?
With honour, holiness, and love,
No seraph more adorn'd than he.
- 6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,
Man shall his hallelujahs raise ;
While wond'ring angels round him throng,
And swell the chorus of his praise.

120.

The Christian's spiritual voyage.

Trumpet.

- J**ESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep ;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep :
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.
- a Thou art my pilot wife,
My compass is thy word :
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord :
I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

- 3 Tho' rocks and quicksands deep
Thro' all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye.
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And I each boist'rous storm outide.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest:
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesu's breast.
O may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.
- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to tofs;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss:
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace,
Waft me from all below,
To heav'n, my destin'd place:
Then in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

121.

Running the Christian race.

Phil. iii. 12,---14.

A WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

K

- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high :
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Bless'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun ;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet,
We lay our laurels down.

122.

The Christian's happiness.

- H**OW happy is the Christian's state !
His sins are all forgiv'n ;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hope to heav'n.
- 2 Though in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh ;
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.
 - 3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chast'ning rod ;
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.
 - 4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away ;
His soul, in raptures, shall ascend
To everlasting day.

Gospel-privileges.

- O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
 With whom he deigns to dwell !
 He feeds and cheers them by his word,
 His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them in each distressing hour,
 His throne of grace is near ;
 And, when they plead his love and power
 He stands engag'd to hear.
- 3 He help'd his saints in ancient days,
 Who trusted in his name ;
 And we can witness to his praise,
 His love is still the same.
- 4 Wand'ring in sin, our souls he found,
 And bid us seek his face ;
 Gave us to hear the gospel-sound,
 And taste the gospel-grace.
- 5 Oft in his house his glory shines
 Before our wond'ring eyes ;
 We wish not then for golden mines,
 Or aught beneath the skies.
- 6 His presence sweetens all our cares,
 And makes our burdens light ;
 A word from him dispels our fears,
 And gilds the gloom of night.
- 7 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
 Nor would we dare repine ;
 But give us still to find thee near,
 And own us still for thine.

- 8 Let us enjoy and highly prize
 These tokens of thy love,
 Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
 To worship thee above.

124.

The Christian's future rest.

WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
 In everlasting day ;
 Thro' floods and flames the passage lies,
 But Jesus guards the way.

- 2 The swelling flood and raging flame ;
 Hear and obey his word ;
 Then let us triumph in his name,
 Our Saviour is the Lord.

125.

The Lord will provide.

149 Psalm.

THO' troubles assail,
 And dangers affright,
 Tho' friends should all fail,
 And foes all unite ;
 Yet one thing secures us,
 Whatever betide,
 The scripture assures us,
 The Lord will provide.

- 2 The birds without barn
 Or storehouse are fed,
 From them let us learn
 To trust for our bread :
 His saints, what is fitting
 Shall ne'er be deny'd,

- So long as 'tis written,
The Lord will provide.
- 3 We may, like the ships,
By tempests be tost
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be lost :
Tho' Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages
The Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey
Like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold ;
For tho' we are strangers,
We have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers,
The Lord will provide.
- 5 When Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us,
Tho' oft he has try'd,
This heart cheering promise,
The Lord will provide.
- 6 He tells us we're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek
We ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions
Our spirits have ply'd,
This answers all questions,
The Lord will provide.
- 7 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim ;

Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tow'r
For safety we hide,
The Lord is our pow'r,
The Lord will provide.

- 8 When life sinks apace,
And death is in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us thro':
No fearing or doubting
With Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,
The Lord will provide.

126.

The joy of the Lord is your strength. Neh. viii. 10.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known;
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable! divine!

- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind ;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.
- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot ;
But if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not
Such joys as earth affords.

127.

Lively hope and gracious fear.

- I** WAS a grov'ling creature once,
And basely cleav'd to earth ;
I wanted spirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.
- 2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,
And sent me from above,
Wings such as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love.
- 3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand,
To view beneath a shining sky,
The spacious promis'd land.
- 4 The Lord of all the vast domain
Has promis'd it to me :
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can see.
- 5 How glorious is my privilege !
To thee for help I call ;
I stand upon a mountain's edge,
O save me, lest I fall !
- 6 Tho' much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own ;
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down.

Grounds of rejoicing in Christ.

Trumpet.

REJOICE, the Lord is King !
The Prince of Life adore :

O Sion, shout and sing,
And triumph evermore :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

- 2 Jesus, the Saviour reigns ;
The God of truth and love ;
When he had purg'd our sins,
He took his seat above :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow at his command,
And fall beneath his feet :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

- 5 He all our foes shall quell,
Shall death itself destroy :
And all his people fill
With pure celestial joy :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.

We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice ;
The trump of God shall sound, " Rejoice."

129.

Delight in the character of God.

Pawson's.

- PARENT of good ! thy works of might
I trace with wonder and delight ;
In them thy glories shine :
There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
Or heav'n itself that's good or fair,
But what is wholly thine.
- 2 The riches of thy matchless grace,
Display'd in the Redeemer's face,
Still more attract my mind ;
Here wisdom, love, and mercy meet,
In all their dignity complete,
With truth and justice joined.
- 3 Thy glories here immensely rise,
They strike my soul with sweet surprise,
And heav'nly pleasure yield ;
An ocean vast without a bound,
Where ev'ry noble wish is drown'd,
And ev'ry want is fill'd.
- 4 Thy love is my unfailing store,
Thy light in darkness I implore,
To set my heart at rest :
Were I depriv'd of all below,
And thou thy gracious smile bestow,
I should be richly blest.

- 5 This all my gloomy path shall cheer,
 And banish ev'ry painful fear
 That can my soul invade :
 Should earth and hell against me join,
 The beamings of thy love divine
 Would give me sov'reign aid.
- 6 What shall I do to spread thy praise,
 My God, through my remaining days,
 Or how thy name adore?
 To thee I consecrate my breath ;
 May I be thine in life and death,
 And thine for evermore.

130.

Heavenly joy on earth.

S. M.

- C**OME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banish'd from the place ;
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our pleasure less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God,
 But fav'rites of the heav'nly King,
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God who rules on high,
 Whose thunder rends the clouds ;
 Who rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the raging floods :
- 5 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love ;

He shall send down his heav'nly powers
To carry us above.

- 6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin :
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' this barren ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

131.

Faith, its author and preciousness. Eph. ii. 8.
S. M.

- F**AITH !---'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd !
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God !
- 2 Jesus it owns a king,
An all-atoning priest :
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress ;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free ;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me.

- 5 This all my gloomy path shall cheer,
 And banish ev'ry painful fear
 That can my soul invade :
 Should earth and hell against me join,
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And that divinely free ;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me.

132.

I will trust, and not be afraid.

149 Psalm.

BE GONE, unbelief,
 My Saviour is near,
 And for my relief
 Will surely appear :
 By pray'r let me wrestle,
 And he will perform ;
 With Christ in the vessel,
 I smile at the storm.

- 2 Though dark be my way,
 Since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey,
 'Tis his to provide ;
 Tho' cisterns be broken,
 And creatures all fail,
 The word he has spoken
 Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past
 Forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last
 In trouble to sink ;
 Each sweet Ebenezer
 I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure
 To help me quite through.
- 4 Determin'd to save,
 He watch'd o'er my path,
 When, Satan's blind slave,
 I sported with death ;
 And can he have taught me
 To trust in his name,

And thus far have brought me,
To put me to shame ?

5 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain ?

He told me no less :
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Thro' much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which Jesus drank up,
That sinners might live !
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine ;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine ?

7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The med'cine is food ;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, Oh ! how pleasant
The conqueror's song.

133.

Faith's review and expectation. 1 Chron. xvii. 6. 17.

AMAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound !)
That fav'd a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

L

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd :
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believ'd.
- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease ;
I shall possess within the vail
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

134.

The Effort.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest ;

- By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
My fierce accuser I may face,
And tell him, "Thou hast dy'd."
- 5 Oh wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul be still,
My promis'd grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks,---I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

135.

Confidence.

Hotham,

- Y**ES! since God himself has said it,
On the promise I rely;
His good word demands my credit,
What can unbelief reply?
He is strong, and *can* fulfil;
He is truth, and therefore *will*.
- 2 As to all the doubts and questions
Which my spirit often grieve,
These are Satan's dark suggestions,
Tempting me my trust to leave;
He would fain destroy my hope,
But the promise bears it up.
- 3 Sure the Lord thus far has brought me
By his watchful tender care;
Sure 'tis he himself has taught me
How to seek his face by pray'r:

After so much mercy past,
Will he give me up at last ?

- 4 In my Saviour's intercession
Therefore I will still confide ;
Lord, accept my free confession,
I have sinn'd, but thou hast died :
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

136.

The Word a system of knowledge and joy.
Psal. cxix. 105.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration giv'n !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heav'n.

- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp thro' all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

137.

The light and glory of the Word.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to fight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat :
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright supply,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love ;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

138.

God's presence is light in darkness.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun ;
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers *I am his*.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,

L 3

- Run up with joy the shining way,
 T' embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break thro' ev'ry foe ;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Should bear me conqu'ror thro'.

139.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

- O**H ! for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame ;
 A light, to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
 How sweet their mem'ry still !
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest ;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast :
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb.

140.

Love to the Brethren.

S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers :
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Thro' all eternity.

141.

Christian love. Gal. iii. 28.

S. M.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be banish'd far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

142.

Love and unity.

HAIL, everlasting Prince of Peace;
Hail, Governor divine!
How gracious is thy sceptre's sway!
What gentle laws are thine!

- 2 Thy tender heart with love o'erflow'd;
Love spoke in ev'ry breath;
Vig'rous it reign'd thro' all thy life,
And triumph'd in thy death.
- 3 All these united charms how strong
Our frozen souls to move!

And this the proof of love to thee,
 " That we each other love."

- 4 O be the sacred law fulfill'd
 In ev'ry act and thought ;
 Each angry passion far remov'd,
 Each selfish view forgot.
- 5 Be all our hearts dilated wide
 By our Redeemer's grace ;
 And in one grasp of fervent love,
 His followers all embrace.

143.

Universal benevolence.

BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart
 Feels all another's pain ;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never rais'd in vain :

- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
 A stranger's woes to feel,
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 He wants the pow'r to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms,
 To ev'ry child of grief ;
 His sacred bounty largely flows,
 And brings unask'd relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow ;
 He views, thro' mercy's melting eye,
 A brother in a foe.

144.

A Prayer for Humility.

Cookham.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall as my master be,
 Cloth'd with mild humility.

- 2 Simple, teachable and mild,
 Chang'd into a little child ;
 Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
 Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on thee ;
 Ev'ry evil let me flee ;
 Nothing want beneath, above,
 Happy in thy precious love.
- 4 O that all may seek and find
 Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd !
 Him let Israel still adore,
 'Trust him, praise him evermore.

145.

The Child.

Hotham.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weaned child ;
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.

- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave :

'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear?

- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone:
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, guard and guide.
- 4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

146.

The Request.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

- 2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
" From ev'ry murmur free;
" The blessings of thy grace impart,
" And make me live to thee.
- 3 " Let the sweet hope, that thou art mine,
" My life and death attend;
" Thy presence through my journey shine,
" And crown my journey's end."

147.

Patience.

DEAR Lord, tho' bitter is the cup
 Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
 I cheerfully would drink it up:
 That cannot hurt which comes from thee.

- 2 Mix it with thy unchanging love,
 Let not a drop of wrath be there;
 The faints, for ever blest'd above,
 Were often most afflicted here.
- 3 From Jesus thy incarnate Son,
 I'll learn obedience to thy will;
 And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod,
 When its severest strokes I feel.

148.

The shortness and misery of life.

OUR days, alas! our mortal days
 Are short and wretched too;
 Evil and few, the patriarch says,
 And well the patriarch knew.

- 2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
 That heav'n allows to men,
 And pains and sins run thro' the round
 Of three-score years and ten.
- 3 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
 And call her to the skies,
 Where years of long salvation roll,
 And glory never dies.

149.

Our frail bodies, and God our preserver.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death, nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one go wrong;
Strange that a harp of thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But he who form'd, supports our frame,
Else drop to death we must:
Salvation to th' Almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.

150.

A hymn for morning or evening.

HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

- 2 That was a most amazing power
That rais'd us with a word,
And ev'ry day and ev'ry hour
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;

M

- We wake, rejoicing that the bed
Has not been made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day ;
For death stands ready at the door
To seize our lives away.
- 5 Our life is forfeited by sin,
To God's revenging law :
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry breath we draw.
- 6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings ;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shadow wings.

151.

Contentment. Philip. iv. 11.

- F**IERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea :
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.
- 2 In vain by reason and by rule,
We try to bend the will :
For none but in the Saviour's school
Can learn the heav'nly skill.
- 3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear ;
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.
- 4 " Art thou a sinner, soul ?" he said,
" Then how can'st thou complain ?
How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
With everlasting pain !

- 5 If thou of murm'ring would'st be cur'd,
Compare thy griefs with mine ;
Think what my love for thee endur'd,
And thou wilt not repine.
- 6 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
And I do all things well :
Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
And rise with me to dwell.
- 7 In life my grace shall strength supply,
Proportion'd to thy day ;
At death thou still shalt find me nigh,
To wipe thy tears away."
- 8 Thus I, who once my wretched days
In vain repinings spent ;
Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
Have learn'd to be content.

152.

Looking upwards in a storm.

- G**OD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !
- 1 Friend of the friendless and the faint !
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 2 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not that word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r ;

But a pray'r-hearing, answ'ring God,
Supports me under ev'ry load.

- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me ;
I have an advocate with thee ;
They whom the world careffes most,
Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor tho' I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

153.

Temptation.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
Out of the depths to thee I call ;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm ;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Controul the waves, say, " Peace, be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name
Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Tho' tempest tofs'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour thro' the floods I seek :
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

154.

Submission.

- O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to thee;
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or will withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey thro'
 Thou art engag'd to grant;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
 Shall I resist them both?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth!
- 6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway;
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away.

155.

Welcome crosses.

Hotham.

- 'TIS my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross,
 But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
 Sanctifying ev'ry loss :
 Trials must, and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.
- 2 God in Israel sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
 These spring up and choke the weeds,
 Which would else o'erspread the soil ;
 Trials make the promise sweet,
 Trials give new life to pray'r ;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way ;
 Might I not with reason fear
 I should prove a cast-away :
 Bastards may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly vain delight ;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not, would not, if he might.

156.

Prayer answered by crosses.

I ASK'D the Lord, that I might grow
 In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace ;
 Might more of his salvation know,
 And seek more earnestly his face.

- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he I trust has answer'd pray'r;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- 5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd;
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 Lord, why is this? I trembling cry'd,
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
" 'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
" I answer pray'r for grace and faith.
- 7 These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

157.

Light shining out of darkness.

- G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,

- He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful faints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

158.

Perseverance:

- R**EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Tho' many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm;
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high.

- 4 Tho' sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence;
Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

159.

Ebenezer.

S. M:

- L**ET hearts and tongues unite,
And loud thanksgivings raise;
'Tis duty, mingled with delight,
To sing the Saviour's praise.
- 2 To him we owe our breath,
He took us from the womb,
Which else had shut us up in death,
And prov'd an early tomb.
- 3 When on the breast we hung,
Our help was in the Lord;
'Twas he first taught our infant tongue
To form the lisping word.
- 4 When in our blood we lay,
He would not let us die,
Because his love had fix'd a day
To bring salvation nigh.
- 5 In childhood and in youth,
His eye was on us still;
Though strangers to his love and truth,
And prone to cross his will.
- 6 And since his name we knew,
How gracious has he been!

What dangers has he led us thro',
What mercies have we seen !

- 7 Now thro' another year,
Supported by his care ;
We raise our Ebenezer here,
" The Lord has help'd thus far."
- 8 Our lot in future years,
Unable to foresee,
He kindly, to prevent our fears,
Says, " Leave it all to me."
- 9 Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
Our cares upon thy breast !
Help us to praise thee for the past,
And trust thee for the rest.

160.

It is the Lord---let him do what seemeth good.
1 Sam. iii. 18.

- I**T is the Lord---enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine ;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord---should I distrust,
Or contradict his will ?
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still.
 - 3 It is the Lord---who gives me all,
My wealth, my friends, my ease,
And of his bounties may recal
Whatever part he please.
 - 4 It is the Lord---who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road

- 5 It is the Lord,---whose matchless skill,
Can from afflictions raise
Matter, eternity to fill,
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 It is the Lord,---my cov'nant God,
Thrice blessed be his name,
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.
- 7 His cov'nant will my soul defend
Should nature's self expire ;
And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flames of fire.
- 8 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God, take what thou please,
To thee I ALL resign.

161.

The pool of Bethesda.

S. M.

BESIDE the gospel pool
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

- 2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move ;
And others round me stepping in
Their efficacy prove.
- 3 But my complaints remain---
I feel the very same ;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

- 4 O would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.
- 5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought,
Is not for such as I.
- 6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.
- 7 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?
- 8 No: he is full of grace,
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

162.

The death and burial of a saint.

- W**HY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms!
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?

- There the exalted Saviour lay,
And cheer'd its dreary gloom.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And shew'd our feet the way:
Up with the Lord to heaven we'll fly
On time's concluding day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

163.

Pleading with God under affliction.

- W**HY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry pain,
Is but the fruit of sin?
- 2 No, Lord, I patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
Yet may I surely at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.
- 3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul;
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.
- 4 From fear to hope, from hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is tost;
Till I am tempted in despair,
To give up all for lost.

- 5 Yet thro' the stormy clouds I'll look
 Once more to thee my God :
 O fix my feet upon a rock,
 Beyond the gaping flood.
- 6 One look of mercy from thy face,
 Will set my heart at ease :
 One all-commanding word of grace
 Will make the tempest cease.

164.

Love to the creatures is dangerous.

- H**OW vain are all things here below !
 How false, and yet how fair !
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,
 And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
 Shine with deceitful light ;
 We should suspect some danger nigh,
 Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood,
 How they divide our wav'ring minds,
 And leave but half for God.
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love
 How strong it strikes the sense !
 Thither the warm affections move,
 Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
 My soul's eternal food,
 And grace command my heart away
 From all created good.

165.

Death dreadful or delightful.

- D**EATH! 'tis a melancholy day
 To those who know not God,
 When the poor soul is forc'd away
 To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes ;
 But guilt, a heavy chain,
 Still drags her downward from the skies,
 To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
 Let stubborn sinners fear :
 Ye must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
 A long *for ever* there.
- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
 And flashes in your face ;
 And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
 And sing recov'ring grace.
- 5 He is a God of sov'reign love,
 That promis'd heav'n to me,
 And taught my thoughts to soar above,
 Where happy spirits be.
- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
 Then come the joyful day ;
 Come, death, and some celestial band,
 To bear my soul away.

166.

Triumph over death, in hope of the resurrection.

S. M.

AND must this body die ?
 This mortal frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine,
 Lie mould'ring in the clay ?

- 2 What though corruption's worm
Devour this mould'ring flesh,
Soon my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
He knows his peoples dust :
He'll raise it up a purer frame ;
His promise is my trust.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
Look heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesu's dying love ;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise,
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

167.

Happiness approaching:

- A** WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,
That shews salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near,
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.
 - 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,

Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

- 4 Ye wheels of nature speed your course;
Ye mortal powers decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

168.

The end of the world.

WHY should this world delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On fields of earth where sorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleasure dies?

- 2 While time his sharpest tooth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
A joy beyond his power.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolv'd, and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise,
When the last trumpet's sound
Shall call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

169.

Panting after God.

Manchester.

THOU hidden love of God, whose heights,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
In'ly I sigh for thy repose;

- My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till I find rest in thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry motion there!
Then shall my heart of earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.
- 3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive:
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee.
- 4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy love, thy God, thine all!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

170.

The example of Christ.

- M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;

The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

171.

The examples of Christ and the saints.

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
And bright their glories be.

- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them, whence their vict'ry came ?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast :)
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his example giv'n,
While all the saints whose race is run,
Shew the same path to heav'n.

172.

God invisible.

LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
 We can't behold thy bright abode;
 O 'tis beyond a creature mind,
 To glance a thought half way to God.

- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
 The great Eternal reigns alone,
 Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
 Nor angels climb the topless throne.
- 3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
 Of gems unsufferably bright,
 Dark clouds beneath his sacred feet
 Conceal his glory from the sight.
- 4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
 Look through and cheer us from above;
 Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
 Yet we adore, and yet we love.

173.

Praising God.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

174.

Going to a new habitation.

GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,
 Let us an altar raise ;
 And there with humble frame present
 Our sacrifice of praise.

- 2 To thee we give our health and strength,
 While health and strength shall last ;
 For future mercies humbly trust,
 Nor e'er forget the past.

175.

Praise for the blessings of providence and grace.
 Psalm cxxxix.

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
 Kind guardian of my days,
 Thy mercies let my heart record
 In songs of grateful praise.

- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
 Was thy indulgent care,
 Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
 Or breathe the infant pray'r.
- 3 Each rolling year new favours brought
 From thy exhaustless store ;
 But ah ! in vain my lab'ring thought
 Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 4 While sweet reflection, thro' my days
 Thy bounteous hand would trace ;
 Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
 The blessings of thy grace.

- 5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord !
 For favours more divine ;
 That I have known thy sacred word,
 Where all thy glories shine.
- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
 And ev'ry weakness dies,
 Complete the wonders of thy grace,
 And raise me to the skies.
- 7 Then shall my joyful powers unite,
 In more exalted lays,
 And join the happy sons of light
 In everlasting praise.

176.

The mercies of God.

- W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God !
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
 The gratitude declare ;
 That glows within my ravish'd heart !
 But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in pray'r.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,

- Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom these comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
 With heedless steps, I ran:
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man:
- 7 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way;
 And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face;
 And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounte'us hand with worldly bliss
 Hath made my cup run o'er;
 And in a kind and faithful friend
 Hath doubled all my store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 That tastes these gifts with joy.
- 11 Thro' ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll proclaim;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 Resume the glorious theme.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 For, Oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

Praise for divine goodness.

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
 Whose breath our souls inspir'd;
 Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
 With grateful ardour fir'd!

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 Whose tender care sustains
 Our feeble frame, encompass'd round,
 With death's unnumber'd pains.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 Whose goodness, passing thought,
 Loads ev'ry minute, as it flies,
 With benefits unsought!

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 From whom salvation flows;
 Who sent his Son our souls to save
 From everlasting woes!

5 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 For hope's transporting ray,
 That lights thro' darkest shades of death,
 To realms of endless day!

The blessed state of glorified saints.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise;
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,

How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns !

4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair !

For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known;
Nor sun's faint sick'ning ray;
But glory from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

179.

*The grave ; or, Christ a guide through death to
glory.*

Hemmsley.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrim thro' this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand,
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow,
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey thro' ;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;

Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

180.

- T**HE hour of my departure's come;
 I hear the voice that calls me home;
 At last, O Lord! let troubles cease,
 And let thy servant die in peace.
- 2 The race appointed I have run;
 The combat's o'er; the prize is won;
 And now my witness is on high;
 And now my record's in the sky.
- 3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
 I bow before thee in the dust;
 And thro' my Saviour's blood alone
 I look for mercy at thy throne.
- 4 I leave the world without a tear,
 Save for the friends I held so dear:
 To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
 And to the friendless prove a friend.
- 5 I come, I come, at thy command,
 I give my spirit to thy hand:
 Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
 And shield me in the last alarms!
- 6 The hour of my departure's come,
 I hear the voice that calls me home;
 Now, O my God, let troubles cease;
 Now let thy servant die in peace.

181.

The dying Christian to his soul.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame !
 Quit, Oh quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

- 1 Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

182.

The day of judgment.

Helmley.

- DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
 Hark the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine !

You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine !

- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By his looks, prepare to flee ;
 While rejoicing,
 Saints to Christ shall gather'd be.
- 4 Horrors past imagination
 Will surprise your trembling heart,
 When you hear your condemnation,
 " Hence, accursed wretch, depart !
 " Thou with Satan
 " And his angels, have thy part !"
- 5 Then to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below ;
 He will say, " Come near, ye blessed,
 " See the kingdom I bestow,
 " You for ever
 " Shall my love and glory know."
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought our courage raise !
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise.
 May we triumph
 When the world is in a blaze.

183.

The blessedness of Gospel-times.

Isa. v. 2. 7. 9, 10. Matth. xiii. 16, 17.

S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Sion's hill !
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal.

- 2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are !
“ Sion, behold thy Saviour King,
“ He reigns and triumphs here.”
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav’nly light !
Prophets and kings desir’d it long,
But dy’d without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad :
Let ev’ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

184.

The Son of God incarnate. Isa. ix. 2. 6, 7.

THE lands that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heav’nly light ;
Nations that sat in death’s cold shade,
Are blest’d with beams divinely bright.

- 2 The virgin’s promis’d Son is born ;
Behold th’ expected Child appear :
What shall his name or titles be ?
The Wonderful, the Counsellor.
- 3 This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckl’d and ador’d ;

- Th' eternal Father, Prince of peace,
The Son of David, and his Lord.
- 4 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid ;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.
- 5 Jesus, the holy Child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne,
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

185.

The Christian's voyage.

- B**ELIEVERS now are toss'd about,
On life's tempestuous main ;
But grace assures beyond a doubt,
They shall their port attain.
- 2 They must, they shall appear one day,
Before their Saviour's throne ;
The storms they meet with by the way,
But make his power known.
- 3 Their passage lies across the brink
Of many a threat'ning wave ;
The world expects to see them sink,
But Jesus lives to save.
- 4 Lord, tho' we are but feeble worms,
Yet since thy word is past,
We'll venture thro' a thousand storms,
To see thy face at last.

186.

Life the day of grace and hope. Eccl. ix. 4, 5, 6. 10.

- L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' insure the great reward,
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God has giv'n
 To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n ;
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,
 But all the dead forgotten lie ;
 Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
 Their envy buried in the dust ;
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might, pursue,
 Since no device, nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

187.

Salvation by grace. Tit. iii. 3,---7.

- L**ORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
 How great our guilt has been ;
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
 For ever love his name,

Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done ;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
Abounding through his Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin ;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew ;
And, justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

188.

Christ and Aaron. Heb. vii. and ix.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

- 2 They first their own burnt-off'rings brought,
To purge themselves from sin ;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt ;
But thy one off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.

- 4 Their priesthood ran through sev'ral hands,
For mortal was their race ;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.
- 5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.
- 6 But Christ, by his own pow'rful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our God,
Shews his own sacrifice.
- 7 Jesus the King of glory reigns
On Sion's heav'nly hill ;
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives to intercede,
Before his Father's face ;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

189.

The bitter waters. Exod. xv. 23.—25.

- B**ITTER, indeed, the waters are
Which in this desert flow ;
Though to the eye they promise fair,
They taste of sin and woe.
- 2 Of pleasing draughts I once could dream
But now, awake, I find
That sin has poison'd ev'ry stream,
And left a curse behind.
 - 3 But there's a wonder-working wood,
I've heard believers say,

- Can make these bitter waters good,
And take the curse away.
- 4 The virtues of this healing tree
Are known and priz'd by few:
Reveal this secret, Lord, to me,
That I may prize it too.
- 5 The cross on which the Saviour dy'd,
And conquer'd for his saints;
This is the tree by faith apply'd,
Which sweetens all complaints.
- 6 Thousands have found the bless'd effect,
Nor longer mourn their lot;
While on his sorrows they reflect,
Their own are all forgot.
- 7 When they by faith behold the cross,
Tho' many griefs they meet;
They draw again from ev'ry loss,
And find the bitter sweet.

190.

The true Aaron. Lev. viii. 7.—9.

- S**EE Aaron, God's anointed priest,
Within the vail appear,
In robes of mystic meaning drest,
Presenting Israel's pray'r.
- 2 The plate of gold which crowns his brows,
His holiness describes;
His breast displays, in shining rows,
The names of all the tribes.
- 3 With the atoning blood he stands
Before the mercy seat;
And clouds of incense from his hands
Arise with odour sweet.

- 4 Urim and Thummim near his heart,
In rich engravings worn,
The sacred light of truth impart,
To teach and to adorn.
- 5 Thro' him the eye of faith describes,
A greater priest than he :
Thus Jesus pleads above the skies
For you, my friends, and me.
- 6 He bears the names of all his saints
Deep on his heart engrav'd ;
Attentive to the state and wants
Of all his love has sav'd.
- 7 In him a holiness complete,
Light and perfections shine ;
And wisdom, grace, and glory meet :
A Saviour all divine.
- 8 The blood which as a priest he bears
For sinners, is his own ;
The incense of his pray'rs and tears
Perfume the holy throne.
- 9 In him my weary soul has rest,
Though I am weak and vile ;
I read my name upon his breast,
And see the Father smile.

191.

Gibeon. Joshua x. 6.

WHEN Joshua, by God's command,
Invaded Canaan's guilty land,
Gibeon, unlike the nations round,
Submission made, and mercy found.

- 2 Their stubborn neighbours who, enrag'd,
United war against them wag'd,

- By Joshua soon were overthrown,
For Gibeon's cause was now his own.
- 3 He from whose arm they ruin fear'd,
Their leader and ally appear'd ;
An emblem of the Saviour's grace,
To those who humbly seek his face.
- 4 The men of Gibeon wore disguise,
And gain'd their peace by framing lies ;
For Joshua had no pow'r to spare,
If he had known from whence they were.
- 5 But Jesus invitation sends,
Treating with rebels as his friends ;
And holds the promise forth in view,
To all who for his mercy sue.
- 6 Too long his goodness I disdain'd,
Yet went at last, and peace obtain'd :
But soon the noise of war I heard,
And former friends in arms appear'd.
- 7 Weak in myself, for help I cry'd,
Lord, I am press'd on ev'ry side ;
The cause is thine, they fight with me,
But ev'ry blow is aim'd at thee.
- 8 With speed to my relief he came,
And put my enemies to shame ;
Thus, sav'd by grace, I live to sing
The love and triumphs of my King.

192.

Is this thy kindness to thy friend ? 2 Sam. xvi. 17.

POOOR, weak, and worthless tho' I am,
I have a rich almighty friend ;
Jesus the Saviour is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my foes controul'd ;
He found me, wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies :
Oh ! what a friend is Christ to me ?
- 4 But ah ! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns ;
I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey,
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can say.
- 6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask :
But I am strait'ned, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.
- 7 Before the world, that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throb'd with shame ;
Loth to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.
- 8 Sure were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite !
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

193.

Ask what I shall give thee. 1 Kings iii. 5.

Cookham.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

P.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus into my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

194.

The same.

S. M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer pray'r.

- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkl'd round I see.

- Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold ?
- 4 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless ;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.
- 5 Since 'tis the Lord's command,
My mouth I open wide ;
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supply'd.
- 6 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love ;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 7 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.
- 8 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave
To them that know not thee.

195.

O that I were as in months past. Job xxix. 2.

- S**WEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd
His praises tun'd my tongue ;

- And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine:
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke,
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now when the ev'ning shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 7 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay!

196.

*Worthy the Lamb.**Bermondsey.*

GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply;
Praise ye his name:
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
 Bore sin's tremendous load,
 Praise ye his name :
 Tell' what his arm hath done,
 What spoils from death he won ;
 Sing his great name alone,
 Worthy the Lamb.

3 While they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name ;
 Those who have felt his blood
 Sealing their peace with God,
 Sound his dear fame abroad,
 Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
 Our holy Lord to blefs ;
 Praise ye his name :
 In him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 Worthy the Lamb.

5 What tho' we change our place,
 Yet we shall never cease
 Praising his name :
 To him our songs we bring,
 Hail him our gracious King,
 And without ceasing sing,
 Worthy the Lamb.

6 Then let the hosts above,
 In realms of endless love,
 Praise his dear name :
 To him ascribed be
 Honour and majesty,
 Through all eternity ;
 Worthy the Lamb.

197.

None upon earth I desire besides thee. Psal. lxxiii. 25

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see ;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
 Have lost all their sweetness with me ;
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice ;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice ;
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd ;
 No changes of season or place,
 Would make any change in my mind :
 While blest'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear ;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song ;
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long ?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
 Or take me unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

The believer's safety. Psalm xci.

- I**NCARNATE God ! the soul that knows
 Thy name's mysterious power,
 Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
 Nor fear the trying hour.
- 2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness, and love,
 To feeble, helpless worms,
 A buckler and a refuge prove
 From enemies and storms.
- 3 In vain the fowler spreads his net,
 To draw them from thy care ;
 Thy timely call instructs their feet,
 To shun the artful snare.
- 4 When, like a baneful pestilence,
 Sin mows its thousands down
 On ev'ry side without defence,
 Thy grace secures thine own.
- 5 No midnight terrors haunt their bed,
 No arrow wounds by day ;
 Unhurt on serpents they shall tread,
 If found in duty's way.
- 6 Angels, unseen, attend the saints,
 And bear them in their arms,
 To cheer the spirit when it faints,
 And guard the life from harms.
- 7 The angels' Lord himself is nigh
 To them that love his name ;
 Ready to save them when they cry,
 And put their foes to shame.
- 8 Crosses and changes are their lot,
 Long as they sojourn here ;
 But since their Saviour changes not,
 What have the saints to fear.

199.

What shall I render ? Psal. cxvi. 12, 13.

- F**OR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give ?
- 2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth ?
My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestow'd,
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.
- 4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.
- 5 I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast ;
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I shall owe him most.

200.

Dwelling in Mesecb. Psal. cxx. 5,—7. Fairfax.

- W**HAT a mournful life is mine,
Fill'd with crosses, pains, and cares !
Ev'ry work defil'd with sin,
Ev'ry step beset with snares !
- 2 If alone I pensive sit,
I myself can hardly bear :
If I pass along the street,
Sin and riot triumph there.
- 3 Jesus ! how my heart is pain'd,
How it mourns for souls deceiv'd !
When I hear thy name profan'd,
When I see thy Spirit griev'd !
- 4 When thy children's griefs I view,
Their distress becomes my own ;

- All I hear, or see, or do,
Makes me tremble, weep, and groan.
- 5 Mourning thus I long had been,
When I heard my Saviour's voice ;
" Thou hast cause to mourn for sin,
But in me thou may'st rejoice."
- 6 This kind word dispell'd my grief,
Put to silence my complaints ;
Tho' of sinners I am chief,
He has rank'd me with his saints.
- 7 Tho' constrain'd to dwell a while
Where the wicked strive and brawl ;
Let them frown, so he but smile,
Heav'n will make amends for all.
- 8 There, believers, we shall rest,
Free from sorrow, sin, and fears ;
Nothing there our peace molest,
Thro' eternal rounds of years.
- 9 Let us then the fight endure,
See our Captain looking down ;
He will make the conquest sure,
And bestow the promis'd crown.

201.

Vanity of life. Eccles. i. 2.

- T**HE evils that beset our path
Who can prevent or cure ?
We stand upon the brink of death
When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn :
Some change may plunge us in distress,
Before to-morrow's dawn.

- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey ;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings, and flies away.
- 4 A fever or a blow can shake
Our wisdom's boasted rule,
And of the brightest genius make
A madman or a fool.
- 5 The gourds, from which we look for fruit,
Produce us only pain ;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.
- 6 I pity those who seek no more,
Than such a world can give ;
Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,
And dying while they live.
- 7 Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die ;
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high.

202.

O Lord, I will praise thee. Isa. xii.

Cookham.

I WILL praise thee ev'ry day,
Now thine anger's turn'd away !
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

- 2 Here, in the fair gospel field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.
- 3 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength ;

And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

4 Praise ye then his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame !
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

5 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round !
Sion shout, for this is he,
God, the Saviour, dwells in thee.

203.

Sion, or the city of God. Isa. xxxiii. 20, 21.

Hotham

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God,
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode :
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See ! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove :
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring
See the cloud and fire appear !
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Shewing that the Lord is near.

Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night and shade by day ;
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which he gives them when they pray.

- 4 Blest inhabitants of Sion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God :
 'Tis his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings,
 And as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-off'ring brings.
- 5 Saviour, if of Sion's city
 I, thro' grace, a member am ;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name :
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Sion's children know.

204.

To the afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted. Isa. liv. 5.—11.

Fairfax.

- P**ENSIVE, doubting, fearful heart,
 Hear what Christ the Saviour says ;
 Ev'ry word should joy impart,
 Change thy mourning into praise :
 Yes, he speaks, and speaks to thee,
 May he help thee to believe !
 Then thou presently wilt see,
 Thou hast little cause to grieve.
- 2 Fear thou not, nor be ashamed,
 All thy sorrows soon shall end ;

I, who heav'n and earth have fram'd,
 Am thy husband and thy friend :
 I, the high and holy One,
 Israel's God by all ador'd,
 As thy Saviour will be known,
 Thy Redeemer and thy Lord.

3 For a moment I withdrew,
 And thy heart was fill'd with pain ;
 But my mercies I'll renew,
 Thou shalt soon rejoice again.
 Tho' I seem to hide my face,
 Very soon my wrath shall cease ;
 'Tis but for a moment's space,
 Ending in eternal peace.

4 When my peaceful bow appears,
 Painted on the wat'ry cloud ;
 'Tis to dissipate thy fears,
 Lest the earth should be o'erflow'd :
 'Tis an emblem too of grace,
 Of my cov'nant love a sign :
 Tho' the mountains leave their place,
 Thou shalt be for ever mine.

5 Tho' afflicted, tempest-toss'd,
 Comfortless awhile thou art,
 Do not think thou can'st be lost,
 Thou art graven on my heart.
 All thy wastes I will repair,
 Thou shalt be rebuilt anew ;
 And in thee it shall appear
 What a God of love can do.

205.

The contrite heart. Isa. lvii. 15.

THE Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow :
 Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
 A contrite heart or no?

Q

- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel;
 If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
 To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
 To love thee if I could;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more;
 But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
 And love thy house of pray'r;
 I therefore go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.
- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ach;
 Decide this doubt for me:
 And if it be not broken, break,
 And heal it, if it be.

206.

Ephraim repenting. Jer. xxxi. 18,---20.

MY God, till I receiv'd thy stroke,
 How like a beast was I!
 So unaccustom'd to the yoke,
 So backward to comply.

- 2 With grief my just reproach I bear,
 Shame fills me at the thought,
 How frequent my rebellions were!
 What wickedness I wrought!
- 3 Thy merciful restraint I scorn'd,
 And left the pleasant road;

Yet turn me, and I shall be turn'd,
Thou art the Lord my God.

- 4 Is Ephraim banish'd from my thoughts,
Or vile in my esteem?
No, saith the Lord, with all his faults,
I still remember him.
- 5 Is he a dear and pleasant child?
Yes, dear and pleasant still;
Tho' sin his foolish heart beguill'd,
And he withstood my will.
- 6 My sharp rebuke has laid him low,
He seeks my face again!
My pity kindles at his woe,
He shall not seek in vain.

207.

The covenant. Ezek. xxxvi. 25,---28.

THE Lord proclaims his grace abroad!
Behold, I change your hearts of stone;
Each shall renounce his idol god,
And serve, henceforth, the Lord alone.

- 2 My grace, a flowing stream, proceeds
To wash your filchiness away;
Ye shall abhor your former deeds,
And learn my statutes to obey.
- 3 My truth the great design insures,
I give myself away to you;
You shall be mine, I will be yours,
Your God unalterably true.
- 4 Yet not unsought or unimplor'd,
The plenteous grace shall I confer;
No---your whole heart shall seek the Lord,
I'll put a praying spirit there.

- 5 From the first breath of life divine,
Down to the last expiring hour,
The gracious work shall all be mine,
Begun and ended in my power.

208.

A brand plucked out of the fire. Zech. iii. 1,---5.

- W**ITH Satan, my accuser, near,
My spirit trembled when I saw
The Lord in majesty appear,
And heard the language of his law.
- 2 In vain I wish'd and strove to hide
The tatter'd filthy rags I wore ;
While my fierce foe, insulting cry'd,
" See what you trusted in before !"
- 3 Struck dumb, and left without a plea,
I heard my gracious Saviour say,
" Know, Satan, I this sinner free,
I dy'd to take his sins away.
- 4 This is a brand which I, in love,
To save from wrath and sin design ;
In vain thy accusations prove ;
I answer all, and claim him mine."
- 5 At his rebuke the tempter fled ;
Then he remov'd my filthy dress ;
" Poor sinner, take this robe, he said,
It is thy Saviour's righteousness.
- 6 And see, a crown of life prepar'd !
That I might thus thy head adorn ;
I thought no shame or suffering hard,
But wore for thee a crown of thorn."
- 7 O how I heard these gracious words !
They broke and heal'd my heart at once ;

Constrain'd me to become the Lord's,
And all my idol gods renounce.

- 8 Now, Satan, thou hast lost thy aim,
Against this brand thy threats are vain ;
Jesus has pluck'd it from the flame,
And who shall put it in again ?

209.

They shall be mine, saith the Lord.

Mal. iii. 16,---18.

WHEN sinners utter boasting words,
And glory in their shame,
The Lord, well pleas'd, an ear affords
To those who fear his name.

- 2 They often meet to seek his face,
And what they do, or say,
Is noted in his book of grace
Against another day.
- 3 For they by faith a day descry,
And joyfully expect,
When he, descending from the sky,
His jewels will collect.
- 4 Unnotic'd now, because unknown,
A poor and suff'ring few ;
He comes to claim them for his own,
And bring them forth to view.
- 5 With transports then their Saviour's care
And favour they shall prove ;
As tender parents guard and spare
The children of their love.
- 6 Assembled worlds will then discern
The saints alone are blest ;
When wrath shall like an oven burn,
And vengeance strike the rest.

210.

Distinguishing love ; or, angels punished, and man saved.

DOWN headlong from the native skies
The rebel-angels fell,
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath,
Pursu'd them deep to hell.

- 2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd ;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a sinking world.
- 3 Oh, love of infinite degrees !
Unmeasurable grace !
Must heav'n's eternal Darling die,
To save a trait'rous race ?
- 4 Must angels sink forever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us wretches higher.
- 5 Oh for his love let earth and skies
With hallelujahs reign ;
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing.

211.

Jesus the good Samaritan. Luke x. 33,---35.

HOW kind the good Samaritan
To him who fell among the thieves !
Thus Jesus pities fallen man ;
And heals the wounds the soul receives.

- 2 Oh ! I remember well the day,
When sorely wounded, nearly slain,
Like that poor man I bleeding lay,
And groan'd for help, but groan'd in vain.
- 3 Men saw me in this helpless case,
And pass'd without compassion by ;
Each neighbour turn'd away his face,
Unmoved by my mournful cry.
- 4 But he whose name had been my scorn,
(As Jews Samaritans despise),
Came, when he saw me thus forlorn,
With love and pity in his eyes.
- 5 Gently he rais'd me from the ground,
Press'd me to lean upon his arm,
And into ev'ry gaping wound
He pour'd his own all-healing balm.
- 6 Unto his church my steps he led,
The house prepar'd for sinners lost,
Gave charge I should be cloth'd and fed ;
And took upon him all the cost.
- 7 Thus sav'd from death, from want secur'd,
I wait till he again shall come,
When I shall be completely cur'd,
And take me to his heav'nly home.
- 8 There, through eternal boundless days,
When nature's wheel no longer rolls,
How shall I love, adore, and praise,
This good Samaritan to souls.

212.

An evening song.

DREAD Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around ;
But, O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found.
- 4 What have I done for him that dy'd
To save my wretched soul ?
How are my follies multiply'd
Fast as my minutes roll.
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkl'd afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

213.

The Lord's day ; or, Delight in ordinances.

S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;

Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !

- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,

Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

214.

The enjoyment of Christ ; or, Delight in worship.

FAR from my thoughts vain world begone,
Let my religious hours alone :
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire ;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

- 3 The trees of life immortal stand
In flour'ishing rows at thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

- 4 Hasten then, but with a smiling face,
And spread a table of thy grace :
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

- 5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare !
How sweet thy entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

- 6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
In thee thy Father's glories shine !
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen or angels known.

215.

The sight of God and Christ in heaven.

- D**ESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
 Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
 And mount and bear us far above
 The reach of these inferior things ;
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
 Up where eternal ages roll,
 Where solid pleasures never die,
 And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
 Of our almighty Father's throne !
 There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
 Cloath'd in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
 And thrones and pow'rs before him fall,
 The God shines gracious thro' the man,
 And shades sweet glories on them all !
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
 While to their golden harps they sing,
 And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
 And spread the triumphs of their King.
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
 That I shall mount to dwell above,
 And stand and bow amongst them there,
 And view thy face, and sing and love ?

216.

Gideon's Fleece. Judges vi. 37.—40.

THE signs which God to Gideon gave
 His holy sov'reignty made known,
 That he alone has pow'r to save,
 And claims the glory as his own.

- 2 The dew which first the fleece had fill'd,
When all the earth was dry around,
Was from it afterwards withheld,
And only fell upon the ground.
- 3 To Israel thus the heav'nly dew
Of saving truth was long restrain'd ;
Of which the Gentiles nothing knew,
But dry and desolate remain'd.
- 4 But now the Gentiles have receiv'd
The balmy dew of gospel peace ;
And Israel who his Spirit griev'd,
Is left a dry and empty fleece.
- 5 This dew still falls at his command,
To keep his chosen plants alive ;
They shall, tho' in a thirsty land,
Like willows by the waters thrive.
- 6 But chiefly when his people meet,
To hear his word and seek his face ;
The gentle dew, with influence sweet,
Descends and nourishes their grace.
- 7 But ah ! what numbers still are dead,
Tho' under means of grace they lie ?
The dew still falling round their head,
And yet their heart untouch'd and dry.
- 8 Dear Saviour, hear us when we call,
To wrestling pray'r an answer give ;
Pour down thy dew upon us all,
That all may feel, and all may live.

217.

Look unto me and be ye saved. Isa. xlv. 22.

Hotham.

AS the serpent rais'd by Moses
Heal'd the burning serpent's bite ;
Jesus thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight :

Hear his gracious invitation,
 " I have life and peace to give ;
 I have wrought out full salvation,
 Sinner, look to me and live.

2 Pore upon your sins no longer,
 Well I know their mighty guilt ;
 But my love than death is stronger,
 I my blood have freely spilt :
 Tho' your heart has long been harden'd,
 Look on me—it soft shall grow ;
 Past transgressions shall be pardon'd,
 And I'll wash you white as snow.

3 I have seen what you were doing,
 Tho' you little thought of me,
 You were madly bent on ruin,
 But I said—it shall not be :
 You had been for ever wretched,
 Had I not espous'd your part ;
 Now behold my arms outstretched
 To receive you to my heart.

4 Well may shame, and joy, and wonder,
 All your inward passions move ;
 I could crush thee with my thunder,
 But I speak to thee in love :
 See your sins are all forgiv'n,
 I have paid the countless sum !
 Now my death has open'd heav'n,
 Thither you shall shortly come."

5 Dearest Saviour, we adore thee
 For thy precious life and death ;
 Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
 Give us all the eye of faith ;
 From the law's condemning sentence,
 To thy mercy we appeal ;
 Thou alone canst give repentance,
 Thou alone our souls can heal.

The pool of Bethesda. John v. 2.—4.

HERE at Bethesda's pool, the poor,
The wither'd, halt and blind,
With waiting hearts expect a cure,
And free admittance find.

- 2 Here streams of wond'rous virtue flow
To heal a sin-sick soul :
To wash the filthy white as snow,
And make the wounded whole.
- 3 The dumb break forth in songs of praise,
The blind their sight receive ;
The cripple run in wisdom's ways,
The dead revive and live.
- 4 Restrain'd to no one case, or time,
These waters always move :
Sinners in ev'ry age and clime
Their vital influence prove.
- 5 Yet numbers daily near them lie,
Who meet with no relief ;
With life in view, they pine and die
In hopeless unbelief.
- 6 'Tis strange they should refuse to bathe,
And yet frequent the pool ;
But none can even wish for faith,
While love of sin bears rule.
- 7 Satan their consciences has seal'd,
And stupify'd their thought ;
For were they willing to be heal'd,
The cure would soon be wrought.
- 8 Do thou, dear Saviour, interpose,
Their stubborn wills constrain ;
Or else to them the water flows,
And grace is preach'd in vain.

The disciples at sea. John vi. 16.—21.

- CONSTRAIN'D by their Lord to embark,
 And venture without him to sea;
 The season tempestuous and dark,
 How griev'd the disciples must be!
 But though he remain'd on the shore,
 He spent the night for them in pray'r;
 They still were as safe as before,
 And equally under his care.
- 2 They strove, though in vain, for a while,
 The force of the waves to withstand;
 But when they were weary'd with toil,
 They saw their dear Saviour at hand:
 They gladly receiv'd him on board,
 His presence their spirits reviv'd,
 The sea became calm at his word,
 And soon at their port they arriv'd.
- 3 We like the disciples are tofs'd
 By storms on a perilous deep;
 But cannot be possibly lost,
 For Jesus has charge of the ship:
 Though billows and winds are engag'd,
 And threaten to make us their sport;
 This pilot his word has engag'd
 To bring us in safety to port.
- 4 If sometimes we struggle alone,
 And he is withdrawn from our view;
 It makes us more willing to own
 We nothing without him can do:
 Then Satan our hopes would assail,
 But Jesus is still within call;

And when our poor efforts quite fail,
He comes in good time and does all.

- 5 Yet, Lord, we are ready to shrink,
Unless we thy presence perceive ;
O save us we cry, or we sink,
We would, but we cannot, believe :
The night has been long and severe,
The winds and the seas are still high ;
Dear Saviour, we pray thee appear,
And say to our souls, " It is I ! "

220.

The resurrection and the life. John xi. 25.

" I AM, (saith Christ), your glorious head,
(May we attention give),
The resurrection of the dead,
The life of all that live.

- 2 By faith in me the soul receives
New life, though dead before ;
And he that in my name believes,
Shall live to die no more.
- 3 The sinner sleeping in his grave,
Shall at my voice awake ;
And when I once begin to save,
My work I ne'er forsake."
- 4 Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord,
On us assembled here ;
Put forth thy Spirit with the word,
And cause the dead to hear.
- 5 Preserve the pow'r of faith alive
In those who love thy name ;

For sin and Satan daily strive,
To quench the sacred flame.

- 6 Thy power and mercy first prevail'd,
From death to set us free;
And often since our life had fail'd,
If not renew'd by thee.
- 7 To thee we look, to thee we bow,
To thee for help we call;
Our life and resurrection thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

221.

The death of Stephen. Acts vii. 54.—60.

AS some tall rock amidst the waves
The fury of the tempest braves,
While the fierce billows, tossing high,
Break at its foot and murm'ring die:

- 2 Thus they who in the Lord confide,
Tho' foes assault on ev'ry side,
Cannot be mov'd or overthrown,
For Jesus makes their cause his own.
- 3 So faithful Stephen, undismay'd,
The malice of the Jews survey'd;
The holy joy which fill'd his breast,
A lustre on his face impress'd.
- 4 "Behold! he said, the world of light
Is open'd to my strengthen'd sight;
My glorious Lord appears in view,
That Jesus whom ye lately slew."
- 5 With such a friend and witness near,
No form of death could make him fear;
Calm, amidst show'rs of stones, he kneels,
And only for his murd'ers feels.

- 6 May we, by faith, perceive thee thus,
 Dear Saviour, ever near to us !
 This fight our peace through life shall keep,
 And death be fear'd no more than sleep.

222.

The trembling Gaoler. Acts xvi. 29. 31.

Cookham.

- A** BELIEVER, free from care,
 May in chains or dungeons sing,
 If the Lord be with him there,
 And be happier than a king :
 Paul and Silas thus confin'd,
 Though their backs were torn by whips,
 Yet possessing peace of mind,
 Sung his praise with joyful lips.
- 1 Suddenly the prison shook,
 Open flew the iron doors ;
 And the gaoler, terror-struck,
 Now his captives' help implores ;
 Trembling at their feet he fell,
 " Tell me, Sirs, what must I do
 To be sav'd from guilt and hell ?
 None can tell me this but you."
- 2 " Look to Jesus, they reply'd,
 If on him thou canst believe,
 By the death which he has dy'd
 Thou salvation shalt receive."
 While the living word he heard,
 Faith sprung up within his heart,
 And, releas'd from all he fear'd,
 In their joy his soul had part.
- 4 Sinners, Christ is still the same,
 O that you could likewise fear !

R 3

Then the mention of his name
 Would be music to your ear:
 Jesus rescues Satan's slaves,
 His dear wounds still plead "Forgive!"
 Jesus to the utmost saves;
 Sinners look to him and live.

223.

My grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

- O**PPRESS'D with unbelief and sin,
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 While earth and hell, with force combin'd,
 Assault and terrify my mind.
- 2 What strength have I against such foes,
 Such hosts and legions to oppose?
 Alas! I tremble, faint, and fall;
 Lord, save me, or I give up all.
- 3 Thus sorely prest I fought the Lord,
 To give me some sweet cheering word;
 Again I fought, and yet again;
 I waited long, but not in vain.
- 4 Oh! 'twas a cheering word indeed!
 Exactly suited to my need;
 "Sufficient for thee is my grace,
 Thy weakness my great power displays."
- 5 Now I despond and mourn no more,
 I welcome all I fear'd before;
 Tho' weak, I'm strong; tho' troubled, blest:
 For Christ's own power shall on me rest.
- 6 My grace would soon exhausted be,
 But his is boundless as the sea;
 Then let me boast with holy Paul,
 That I am nothing, Christ is all.

The inward warfare. Gal. v. 17.

Marienbourn.

STRANGE and mysterious is my life,
 What opposites I feel within !
 A stable peace, a constant strife ;
 The rule of grace, the power of sin :
 Too often I am captive led,
 Yet daily triumph in my head.

- 2 I prize the privilege of pray'r,
 But Oh ! what backwardness to pray !
 Tho' on the Lord I cast my care,
 I feel its burden ev'ry day ;
 I seek *his* will in all I do,
 Yet find my own is working too.
- 3 I call the promises my own,
 And prize them more than mines of gold ;
 Yet though their sweetness I have known,
 They leave me unimpress'd and cold :
 One hour upon the truth I feed,
 The next I know not what I read.
- 4 I love the holy day of rest,
 When Jesus meets his gather'd saints ;
 Sweet day ! of all the week the best,
 For its return my spirit pants :
 Yet often, through my unbelief,
 It proves a day of guilt and grief.
- 5 While on my Saviour I rely,
 I know my foes shall lose their aim ;
 And therefore dare their power defy,
 Assur'd of conquest through his name :
 But soon my confidence is slain,
 And all my fears return again.

- 6 Thus diff'rent powers, within me strive,
 And grace and sin by turns prevail,
 I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
 And vict'ry hangs in doubtful scale :
 But Jesus has his promise past,
 That grace shall overcome at last.

225.

Salvation drawing nearer. Rom. xiii.

Fairfax.

DARKNESS overspreads us here,
 But the night wears fast away ;
 Jacob's star will soon appear,
 Leading on eternal day !

- 2 Now 'tis time to rouse from sleep,
 Trim our lamps and stand prepar'd ;
 For our Lord strict watch to keep,
 Lest he finds us off our guard.
- 3 Let his people courage take,
 Bear with a submissive mind
 All they suffer for his sake,
 Rich amends they soon will find :
- 4 He will wipe away their tears,
 Near himself appoint their lot ;
 All their sorrows, pains, and fears,
 Quickly then will be forgot.
- 5 Tho' already fav'd by grace,
 From the hour we first believ'd ;
 Yet while sin and war have place,
 We have but a part receiv'd ;
- 6 Still we for salvation wait,
 Ev'ry hour it nearer comes !
 Death will break the prison gate ;
 And admit us to our homes.

- 7 Sinners, what can you expect,
 You who now the Saviour dare,
 Break his laws, his grace reject?
 You must stand before his bar!
- 8 Tremble, lest he say, Depart!
 Oh! the horrors of that sound!
 Lord, make ev'ry careless heart
 Seek thee whilst thou may'st be found.

226.

Christ's sufferings and glory.

- N**OW for a tune of lofty praise
 To great JEHOVAH's equal Son!
 Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
 Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
 And the bright robes he wore above;
 How swift and joyful was his flight
 On wings of everlasting love.
- 3 Down to this base, this sinful earth,
 He came to raise our nature high;
 He came t' atone almighty wrath:
 Jesus the God was born to die.
- 4 Hell and its lions roar'd around,
 His precious blood the monster's spilt;
 While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
 Large as the loads of all our guilt.
- 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
 Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
 Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.
- 6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Up to his throne of shining grace;

See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face !

- 7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs
Jesus the God exalted reigns,
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

227.

Hell ; or, the vengeance of God.

WITH holy fear, and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore,
Rev'rence and awe becomes the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his power.

- 2 Far in the deep where darkness dwell
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.
- 3 There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron-bands ;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.
- 4 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod ;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace ;
But they incens'd a dreadful God.
- 5 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son ;
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call ;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

228.

God's condescension to our worship.

THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus!

- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs;
But th' heavenly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.
- 3 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay;
But thy compassion's all divine.

229.

The hopes of heaven our support under trials on earth.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heav'nly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

230.

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

- T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flow'rs :
 Death like a narrow sea divides
 This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dress'd in living green :
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unclouded eyes !
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Nor Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

231.

Prayer for a blessing.

NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known ;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone !

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
 And plead a Saviour's name ;
 For all that we can call our own,
 Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
 May mercy set us free ;
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more ;
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never lov'd before.

5 And when before thee we appear,
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.

232.

Another.

NOW may fervent pray'r arise,
 Wing'd with faith, and pierce the skies,
 Fervent pray'r shall bring us down
 Gracious answers from the throne.

- 2 Bless, O Lord, the op'ning year
To each soul assembled here ;
Clothe thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine.
- 3 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep !
Teach the stony heart to weep ;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves, and look on thee !
- 4 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth ;
While the gospel-call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.
- 5 Shew them what their ways have been,
Shew them the desert of sin ;
Then thy dying love reveal,
This shall melt a heart of steel.
- 6 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;
Scatter darkness, doubts and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 7 Bless us all, both old and young ;
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue ;
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy power, and all thy love.

233.

David's charge to Solomon. 1 Chron. xxviii. 9.

O. DAVID's Son, and David's Lord !
From age to age thou art the same ;
Thy gracious presence now afford,
And teach our youth to know thy name.

- 2 Thy people, Lord, tho' oft distressed,
Upheld by thee thus far are come ;

- And now we long to see thy rest,
And wait thy word to call us home.
- 3 Like David, when this life shall end,
We trust in thee, sure peace to find ;
Like him, to thee we now commend
The children we must leave behind.
- 4 Ere long, we hope, to be where care,
And sin, and sorrow, never come ;
But Oh ! accept our humble pray'r,
That these may praise thee in our room.
- 5 Shew them how vile they are by sin,
And wash them in thy cleansing blood ;
Oh, make them willing to be thine,
And be to them a cov'nant God.
- 6 Long may thy light and truth remain,
To bless this place when we are gone ;
And numbers here be born again,
To dwell for ever near thy throne.

234.

Waiting at Wisdom's gates. Prov. viii. 34, 35.

- E**NSNAR'D too long my heart has been
In Folly's hurtful ways ;
Oh ! may I now, at length, begin
To hear what Wisdom says !
- 2 'Tis Jesus, from the mercy-seat,
Invites me to his rest ;
He calls poor sinners to his feet,
To make them truly blest.
- 3 Approach, my soul, to Wisdom's gates,
While it is call'd to-day ;
No one who watches there, and waits
Shall e'er be turn'd away.

- 4 He will not let me seek in vain,
For all who trust his word
Shall everlasting life obtain
And favour from the Lord.
- 5 Lord, I have hated thee too long,
And dar'd thee to thy face ;
I've done my soul exceeding wrong
In slighting all thy grace.
- 6 Now I would break my league with death ;
And live to thee alone ;
Oh ! let thy Spirit's seal of faith
Secure me for thine own.
- 7 Let all the saints assembled here,
Yea, let all heav'n rejoice,
That I begin with this new year
To make the Lord my choice.

235.

Man honoured above angels.

- N**OW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs ;
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.
- 2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain,
But we can add a higher strain ;
Not only say, " He suffer'd thus,
But that he suffer'd all for us."
 - 3 When angels by transgression fell,
Justice consign'd them all to hell ;
But mercy form'd a wond'rous plan,
To save and honour fallen man.
 - 4 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die ;

And still he makes it his abode ;
As man he fills the throne of God.

- 5 Our next of kin, our Brother now,
Is he to whom the angels bow ;
They join with us to praise his name,
But we the nearest int'rest claim.
- 6 But ah ! how faint our praises rise !
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcern'd should prove.
- 7 Oh, glorious hour, it comes with speed !
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the God who dy'd for man,
And praise him more than angels can.

236.

The tolling bell.

OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, " Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die ?"

- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death ;
Soon as it fails at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go ;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 But could I bear to hear him say,
" Depart, accursed, far away !
With Satan in the lowest hell,
Thou art for ever doom'd to dwell."

- 5 Lord Jesus ! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee ;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.
- 6 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.
- 7 Rather my spirit would rejoice,
And long, and wish to hear thy voice ;
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heav'n, if thou art mine.

237.

There the weary are at rest.

- C**OURAGE, my soul ! behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides ;
Eternal life beyond the skies
For all whom here he guides.
- 2 The wicked cease from troubling there,
The weary are at rest ;
Sorrow, and sin, and pain, and care,
No more approach the blest.
 - 3 A wicked world, and wicked heart,
With Satan now are join'd ;
Each acts a too successful part
In barrassing my mind.
 - 4 In conflict with this threefold troop,
How weary, Lord, am I !
Did not thy promise bear me up,
My soul must faint and die.
 - 5 But fighting in my Saviour's strength,
Tho' mighty are my foes,

I shall a conqu'ror be at length
O'er all that can oppose.

- 6 Then why, my soul, complain or fear ?
The crown of glory see !
The more I toil and suffer here,
The sweeter rest will be.

238.

God's eternal dominion.

GREAT God ! how infinite art thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

- 2 Thy throne eternal ages flood,
Ere seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the everliving God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity with all its years,
Stands present in thy view,
To thee there's nothing old appears ;
Great God ! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 6 Great God ! how infinite art thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

239.

*Spiritual and eternal joy ; or, The beatific
vision of Christ.*

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.
- 5 Sweet Jesus, ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
A thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest'd abode :
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

240.

Faith in Christ for pardon and sanctification.

HOW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin, how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word ;
" Ho ! ye despairing sinners come,
And trust upon the Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
Oh ! help my unbelief.
- 4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly ;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue ;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall :
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

241.

The priesthood of Christ.

- B**LOOD has a voice to pierce the skies ;
Revenge the blood of Abel cries ;
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Speaks *peace* as loud from ev'ry vein :
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high ;
Behold he lays his vengeance by ;
And rebels that deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.
 - 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice :
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

242.

The new Creation.

- A**TTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew:
" Behold I sit upon my throne,
Creating all things new.
- 2 Nature and sin are pass'd away,
And the old Adam dies;
My hands a new foundation lay,
See the new world arise.
- 3 I'll be a sun of righteousness
To the new heav'ns I make,
None but the new born heirs of grace
My glories shall partake."
- 4 Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
Oh, make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within:
- 5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world that grace has made,
I would for ever dwell.

243.

The operations of the Holy Spirit.

ETERNAL Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.

- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning sin ;
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

244.

Jesus Christ all in all.

CHRIST is the true substantial good,
The spring of heav'nly grace ;
The hungry sinner's daily food,
The Lord our righteousness.

- 2 Christ, by the eye of faith we view,
The true believer's joy ;
He can the power of hell subdue,
And all our wants supply.
- 3 Christ is the sure foundation-stone,
Our Prophet, Priest and King ;
Sav'd by his sov'reign grace alone,
His grace alone I sing.
- 4 Christ is the sinner's only Way,
And he the Truth, the Life ;
He is the Sun that makes the day,
The peace that ends our strife.
- 5 Christ is our Advocate and Guide,
Our Brother, and our Friend ;

The Bridegroom of his chosen bride,
Who loves her to the end.

- 6 Christ is the everlasting Lord,
Our strength whene'er we call,
The sum and substance of the word,
The sinner's *All in all*.

245.

A song of praise to the ever-blessed Trinity.

S. M.

- L**ET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.
- 2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who brought your souls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and power, and grace, convey
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.
- 5 To the great One and Three,
That seal this grace in heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

246.

Another.

S. M.

LET God, the Maker's name,
Have honour, love and fear,
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

- 2 Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

247.

Another.

S. M.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

- 2 To Christ th' anointed King
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

248.

The way of access.

ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Pierces all nature through;
Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view!

T

- 2 The mighty whole, each smaller part,
At once before thee lies ;
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
Is open to thine eyes.
- 3 Though greatly from myself conceal'd,
Thou see'st my inward frame ;
To thee I always stand reveal'd,
Exactly as I am.
- 4 Since, therefore, I can hardly bear
What in myself I see :
How vile and black must I appear,
Most holy God, to thee ?
- 5 But since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dy'd in blood,
'Tis he, instead of me, is seen,
When I approach to God.
- 6 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe ;
He pleads before the throne
His life and death in my behalf,
And calls my sins his own.
- 7 What wond'rous love, what mysteries,
In this appointment shine !
My breaches of the law are his,
And his obedience mine.

249.

Retirement.

FAR from the world ; O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree ;

And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

- 3 There if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
- 4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

250.

Peace restored.

O H, speak that gracious word again,
And cheer my drooping heart,
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.

- 2 And canst thou still vouchsafe to own
A wretch so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And Abba Father cry?
- 3 O then let saints and angels join,
And help me to proclaim
The grace that heal'd a breach like mine,
And put my foes to shame!

- 4 How oft did Satan's cruel boast
My troubled soul affright !
He told me I was surely lost,
And God had left me quite.
- 5 Guilt made me fear, lest all were true
The lying tempter said ;
But now the Lord appears in view,
My enemy is fled.
- 6 My Saviour by his powerful word,
Has turn'd my night to day ;
And his salvation's joys restor'd,
Which I had sin'd away.
- 7 Dear Lord, I wonder and adore,
Thy grace is all divine ;
Oh keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine !

251.

Home in view.

- A**S when the weary trav'ler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives if cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 While he surveys the much lov'd spot,
He flights the space that lies between :
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.
 - 3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
 - 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past ;

Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day ;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.

6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode ;
Assur'd our hope will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

252.

Praise for faith.

OF all the gifts thine hand bestows,
Thou Giver of all good !
Not heaven itself a richer knows,
Than my Redeemer's blood.

2 Faith too, the blood receiving grace,
From the same hand we gain ;
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
That gift had been in vain.

3 Till thou thy teaching power apply,
Our hearts refuse to see,
And weak, as a distemper'd eye,
Shut out the view of thee.

4 Blind to the merits of thy Son,
What mis'ry we endure !
Yet fly that hand, from which alone,
We could expect a cure.

5 We praise thee, and would praise thee more,
To thee our all we owe :
The precious Saviour, and the pow'r
That makes him precious too.

253.

John xiv. i,---7.

- L**ET not your hearts with anx'ous thoughts
Be troubl'd or dismay'd :
But trust in Providence divine,
And trust my gracious aid.
- 2 I to my Father's house return ;
There num'rous mansions stand,
And glory manifold abounds
Through all the happy land.
- 3 I go your entrance to secure,
And your abode prepare ;
Regions unknown are safe to you
When I, your friend, am there.
- 4 Thence shall I come when ages close,
To take you home with me ;
There we shall meet to part no more,
And still together be.
- 5 I am the way, the truth, the life :
No son of human race,
But such as I conduct and guide,
Shall see my Father's face.

254.

John xiv. 25,---28.

YOU now must hear my voice no more ;
My Father calls me home ;
But soon from heav'n the Holy Ghost,
Your Comforter, shall come.

- 2 That heav'nly Teacher, sent from God,
Shall your whole soul inspire,
Your minds shall fill with sacred truth,
Your hearts, with sacred fire.
- 3 Peace is the gift I leave with you,
My peace to you bequeath;
Peace that shall comfort you through life,
And cheer your souls in death.
- 4 I give not as the world bestows,
With promise false and vain;
Nor cares, nor fears, shall wound the heart
In which my words remain.

255.

Titus iii. 3,---9.

HOW wretched was our former state,
When slaves to Satan's sway,
With hearts disorder'd and impure,
O'erwhelm'd in sin we lay!

- 2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
Of folly, sin and shame.
- 3 Vain and presumptu'us is the trust
Which in our works we place,
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to the human race.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
And wash'd our souls from sin.
- 5 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
His sacred fire imparts,

Refines our dross, and love divine
Rekindles in our hearts.

- 6 Thence, rais'd from death, we live anew,
And justify'd by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.
- 7 Let all who hold this faith and hope
In holy deeds abound ;
Thus faith approves itself sincere
By active virtue crown'd.

256.

Our comfort in the covenant made with Christ.

OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
Ev'n when he hides his face !
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory, and his grace.

- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one !
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n possess'd ;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

257.

The truth of God the Promiser.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid,
To him that earth's foundation laid ;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word,
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows down our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Father gives.
- 4 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.
- 5 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls should fear no more,
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 6 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power sustains.

258.

We walk by faith, not by sight.

- 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night,
Till we arrive at heav'n our home:
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray.

Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

- 4 So Abra'm by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

259.

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

- 4 My soul looks back, to see
The burdens thou dost bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

260.

God reconciled in Christ.

DEAREST of all the names above,
 My Jesus, and my God,
 Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
 Or trifle with thy blood?

- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
 The Father smiles again;
 'Tis by thine interceding breath
 The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find:
 The holy, just, and sacred Three,
 Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
 My hope, my joy, begins;
 His name forbids my slavish fear,
 His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
 And Greeks of wisdom boast,
 I love th' incarnate mystery,
 And there I fix my trust.

261.

The meditation of heaven; or, the joy of faith.

MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
 And look within the veil;
 There springs of endless pleasure rise,
 The waters never fail.

- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
 The blessed Three in One;

- And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.
- 3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart ;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings ;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things,
The present we compare.
- 5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's face.

262.

Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.

- L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word ?
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain :
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain !
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !
- 4 Great God ! thy sov'reign power impart,
To give thy word success :
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace,

- 5 Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

263.

Divine love making a feast, and calling in the guests.

Luke xiv. 17. 22, 23.

- H**OW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores !
- 2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With soft-compassion rolls,
Here peace and pardon bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.
- 3 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
“ Lord, why was I a guest ? ”
- 4 “ Why was I made to hear thy voice,
“ And enter while there's room ;
“ When thousands make a wretched choice,
“ And rather starve than come ? ”
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in :
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.
- 6 Pity the nations, O our God !
Constrain the earth to come ;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

- 7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

264.

Evening hymn.

- J**ESUS, thou dear atoning Lamb,
Lover of lost mankind,
Salvation in whose only name
A sinful world can find :
- 2 We ask thy grace to make us clean ;
We come to thee our God ;
Open, O Lord, for this day's sin,
The fountain of thy blood.
- 3 Hither our sinful souls be brought,
And ev'ry idle word,
And ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought,
That hath not pleas'd our Lord.
- 4 Hither our actions, righteous deem'd
By man, and counted good,
As filthy rags by God esteem'd,
Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 5 Jesus, vouchsafe thy heav'nly power
For pardon still to see ;
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
To draw fresh strength from thee.

265.

A prayer to the Holy Ghost.

Fairfax.

HOLY Spirit, gently come,
Raise us from our fallen state ;
Fix in us thy gracious home,
All our spirits recreate.

Gracious gift of God most high,
 Visit ev'ry troubled breast ;
 Fill our hearts with peaceful joy,
 Lead us to thy promis'd rest.

2 Heavenly unction from above,
 Comforter of weary faints,
 Source of life, and fire of love,
 Hear, and answer our complaints.
 Holy Spirit, thee we pray,
 Finger of the living God,
 Point us out the living way,
 Shed the Saviour's love abroad.

3 Now thy quick'ning influence bring,
 On our souls divinely move ;
 Open wide our hearts to sing,
 Jesus' everlasting love.
 Take the things of Christ and shew
 What his love for us hath done ;
 Thus may we the Father know,
 Through the well-beloved Son.

4 Lighten each benighted heart,
 Drive our enemies away ;
 Joy, and love, and peace impart ;
 Lead us in the heavenly way :
 Nothing then our hearts shall fear,
 While we urge our way to heav'n ;
 While we feel thy presence near,
 Witnessing our sins forgiven.

266.

Encouragement for the weak.

Cookham.

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
 Only lean upon his word ;
 Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
 His eternal faithfulness.

- 2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those whom Jesus once hath lov'd
From his grace are never mov'd.
- 3 Human counsels come to nought;
That shall stand which God hath wrought,
His compassion love and power,
Are the same for evermore.
- 4 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay,
He hath promis'd to fulfil
All the pleasure of his will.
- 5 Jesus, Guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant rock:
Make us by thy powerful hand,
Long as Sion's mountain stand.

267.

To the Holy Ghost.

S. M.

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts
With visitations sweet;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.
 - 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
 - 4 Convince us of our sin,
Lead us to Jesu's blood;

And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

- 5 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
T'illuminate the soul;
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.
- 6 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

268.

Praise to Christ.

149th Psalm:

- Y**E servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name:
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol:
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save,
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph will sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God
Who sits on his throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son;

Our Jesus's praises
 All angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces,
 And worship the Lamb.

- 4 Then let us adore,
 And give him his right,
 All glory, and power,
 And wisdom and might ;
 All honour and blessing
 With angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing
 For Jesus's love.

269.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

S. M.

A WAKE and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb,
 Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
 To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising power,
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts
 Ascending with our tongues,
 Sing till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing,
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear him say,
 Ye blessed children, Come ;
 Soon will he call you hence away,
 And take his pilgrims home.

270.

The kingdom of Christ exalted. Psalm lxii.

- J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 His vast successive course shall run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
 And ceaseless praises crown his head ;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
 With ev'ry ev'ning sacrifice.
- 3 People, and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
 The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains :
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power,
 Death and the curse are known no more ;
 In him the fallen race can boast
 More blessings gain'd than e'er were lost.
- 6 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeats the long Amen.

271.

Rev. xiv. 13.

BLEST are the souls, the word proclaims,
That are in Jesus dead ;
Sweet is the flavour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And free from every care.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
And ever with the Lord ;
The labours of this mortal life
End in a large reward.

272.

Admiring Christ's love.

Trumpet.

YE children of my God,
Ye dear peculiar race,
Who 're wash'd in Jesu's blood,
And sav'd through faith by grace ;
Attend, and join to tell his fame,
Whom John the Baptist called the Lamb.

- 2 From all eternity,
He lov'd the sinner's train ;
His love him forc'd to die,
Compell'd him to be slain
For us ; and in our stead he stood,
With all his garments roll'd in blood.
- 3 His heart he set on us,
When we were enemies ;

And on th' accursed cross,
 Amidst his tears and cries,
 He pray'd for us, who us'd him so,
 Father, they know not what they do !

4 He thought upon us, when
 The blood ran from his heart,
 In all his grief and pain,
 In all his grief and smart ;
 Tho' we it caus'd, he all forgave ;
 And bare it, that he might us save.

5 Still he remains the same,
 His foes he loves, and cries,
 Believe ye in my name,
 Lift up, ye lost, your eyes ;
 Behold me, and ye yet shall live,
 I freely will salvation give.

273.

Christ crucified.

Manchester.

O LOVE divine what hast thou done !
 The Son of God hath dy'd for me ;
 The Father's co-eternal Son
 Bore all my sins upon the tree ;
 The Son of God for me hath dy'd,
 My Lord, my love, is crucify'd.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of life and peace ;
 Come see ye worms your Saviour die,
 And say was ever grief like his !
 Come, feel, with me, his blood apply'd,
 My Lord, my love, is crucify'd !

3 Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God ;
 Believe, believe, the record true,
 That we are bought with Jesu's blood ;

Pardon and life flow from his side,
My Lord, my love, is crucified !

- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream ;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him ;
Of nothing speak or think beside,
My Lord, my love, is crucified.

274.

I will sing of the mercy of the Lord for ever.

149th Psalm.

THY mercy, my God,
Is the theme of my song ;
The joy of my heart,
And the boast of my tongue ;
Thy free grace alone,
From the first to the last,
Has won my affections,
And bound my soul fast.

- 2 Without thy sweet mercy,
I could not live here ;
Sin soon would reduce me
To utter despair ;
But, thro' thy free goodness,
My spirits revive ;
And he that first made me,
Still keeps me alive.

- 3 Whene'er I mistake,
Thy kind mercy begins
To melt me, and then
I can mourn for my sins ;
And, led by thy Spirit,
To Jesus's blood,

My sorrows are dry'd,
And my strength is renew'd.

- 4 Thy mercy is more
Than a match for my heart ;
Which wonders to feel,
Its own hardness depart :
Dissolv'd by thy presence,
I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of
The mercy I found.

- 5 The doors of thy mercy,
Stand open all day ;
To the poor and the needy,
Who knock by the way ;
Thy mercy is endless,
Most tender and free ;
No sinner need doubt,
Since 'tis giv'n to me.

- 6 Dear Father, thy merciful
Word is my all ;
Thy promise supports me,
When ready to fall :
When enemies croud,
To cause doubt and despair,
I conquer them all,
By thy Spirit of prayer.

- 7 Thy mercy in Jesus,
Exempts me from hell ;
Of thy mercy I'll sing,
Of thy mercy I'll tell :
'Twas Jesus my Friend,
When he hung on the tree,
That open'd the channel
Of mercy for me.

- 8 Great Father of mercies,
Thy goodness I own ;

And the covenant-love,
 Of thy crucify'd Son:
 All praise to the Spirit,
 Whose whispers divine,
 Seal mercy, and pardon,
 And righteousness, mine.

275.

The wisdom of God foolishness with men.

Pawson's.

O SAVIOUR, thou thy mysteries,
 Hast often cover'd from the wise,
 And babes thy glory shew'd;
 Thy wisdom far surpasses all,
 That studious mortals wisdom call,
 Thou holy Lamb of God.

- 2 The nat'ral man cannot conceive
 The glorious things which we believe,
 How thou didst us redeem;
 The things thy Spirit teaches us,
 The merits of thy blood and cross,
 Are foolishness to him.
- 3 They this world's wisdom seek, and gain
 That wisdom which thou callest vain,
 But ah, are strangers still,
 To that which makes our spirits wise,
 And sets before our waiting eyes,
 What is our Saviour's will.
- 4 Thrice happy then are we who prove,
 The peace of God, his truth, and love,
 Things freely to us giv'n:
 These earnest are of greater bliss,
 The earnest of that happiness,
 Which we shall have in heav'n.

276.

Longing for Christ.

- O** COME, thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood;
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be,
For ever clos'd to all but thee:
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd near thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thee derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live!
- 4 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou should'st man to glory bring!
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown!
- 5 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 6 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both heav'n and earth must bow!
Help us, to thee our all to give:
Thine may we die! thine may we live!

277.

Christ our Shepherd. John x.

Fairfax.

JESUS, shepherd of the sheep,
Gracious is thine arm to keep
All thy flocks with tender care,
Fed in pasture large and fair.

X

- 2 Thee the sheep profess and own,
Thee they love, and thee alone,
Known of them, and known to thee,
They will never from thee flee.
- 3 Strangers they will not obey,
Thee they follow as the way :
They delight to find thee near ;
They delight thy voice to hear.
- 4 Lead to pastures fair and green,
Where thy lovely face is seen ;
Bid us to the fountain go,
Where the living waters flow.
- 5 Walk before us in the way,
Keep us lest we run astray ;
Teach us in thy steps to tread,
Make us like our living Head.
- 6 When thy sheep in judgment stand,
Place us there at thy right hand ;
Speak the sentence of the blest,
Bid us enter endless rest.

278.

Christ's kingdom exalted. Psalm xiv.

WE sing the glories of our King,
His form how wondrous fair !
None of the sons of mortal race
Can with our Lord compare.

- 2 Sweet is thy speech : and heav'nly grace
Upon thy lips is shed !
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
- Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway :

Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

- 4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thine hands,
To rule the saints by love.
- 5 Justice and truth attends thy state,
And mercy leads thee on,
Till all thine enemies shall yield
Obedience to thy throne.

279.

The Pilgrim's song.

Clark's.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd's heav'n, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source :
Thus a soul new born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies :

Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be giv'n,
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

280.

The love of Christ.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful tree ;
 How vast the love that him inclin'd
 To bleed, and die for thee !

- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend ;
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
 "Receive my soul," he cries !
 See, where he bows his sacred head !
 He bows his head, and dies !
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine :
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine !

281.

Heaven begun on earth.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
 And sav'd by grace alone :
 Walking in all his ways they find
 Their heav'n on earth begun.

- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
 Their mighty joys we know :
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
 And bow before thy throne !
 We in the kingdom of thy grace :
 The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads :
 From hence our spirits rise :
 And he that in thy statutes treads,
 Shall meet thee in the skies.

282.

On the decease of a brother.

HOW blest is our brother, bereft
 Of all that could burden his mind ;
 How easy the soul, that has left
 This wearisome body behind !
 Of evil incapable thou,
 Whose relics with envy I see,
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.

- 2 This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain :
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again :
 No anger henceforward, or shame,
 Shall redden this innocent clay ;
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion is vanish'd away.
- 3 This languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er ;

- This quiet immoveable breast
 Is heav'd by affliction no more :
 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain ;
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.
- 4 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :
 The fountain can yield no supplies,
 These hollows from water are free ;
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.
- 5 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe ;
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death.
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become !
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb !

283.

Another.

REJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
 Our loss is his infinite gain ;
 A soul out of prison releas'd,
 And freed from its bodily chain ;
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above ;
 Escap'd to the mansions of light,
 And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
 Out-flying the tempest and wind ;
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
 And left his companions behind ;
 Still tofs'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore ;
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.
- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath ;
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er trouble and death :
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past,
 The age, that in heaven they spend,
 For ever and ever shall last.

284.

The highway to Sion.

- S**ING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Your great Deliv'rer sing ;
 Pilgrims for Sion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd ;
 How holy, and how plain !
 Nor shall the simplest trav'lers err,
 Nor ask the track in vain.
 - 3 No rav'ning lion shall destroy,
 Nor lurking serpent wound ;
 Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
 Thro' all the path are found.
 - 4 A hand divine shall lead you on
 Thro' all the blisful road ;

Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

- 5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head ;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress;
Like shadows all are fled.
- 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength ;
Pursue his footsteps still ;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While lab'ring up the hill.

285.

God's condescension in becoming the shepherd of men.

Ezek. xxxiv. 31.

AND will the Majesty of heav'n
Accept us for his sheep ?
And with a shepherd's tender care
Such worthless creatures keep.

- 2 And will he spread his guardian arms
Round our defenceless head ?
And cause us gently to lie down
In his refreshing shade ?
- 3 And will he lead our weary souls
To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Thro' pastures ever green ?
- 4 What thanks can mortal man repay
For favours great as thine ?
Or how can tongues of feeble clay
Proclaim such love divine ?

- 3 Eternal God, how mean are we !
 How richly gracious thou !
 Our souls, o'erwhelm'd with humble joy,
 In silent transports bow.

286.

Prisoners delivered by the blood of the covenant.

Zech. ix. 11.

- Y**E pris'ners, who in bondage lie,
 In darkness and the pit,
 Behold the grace that sets us free,
 And to that grace submit.
- 2 The tidings of deliv'rance hear,
 Confess the cov'nant good,
 And bless the ransom God hath found
 In our Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Justice no more asserts its claim
 Your forfeit lives to take ;
 But smiling mercy quick descends
 Your heavy chains to break.
- 4 We walk at large, and sing the hand,
 To which we freedom owe ;
 And drink those rivers with delight,
 Which thro' this desert flow.
- 5 He that hath liberty bestow'd,
 Will give a kingdom too ;
 He that hath loos'd the bonds of death,
 The path of life will shew.

LORD'S DAY MORNING.

287.

Trumpet;

- A** WAKE our drowsy souls,
 Shake off each slothful band,
 The wonders of this day
 Our noble songs demand.
 Auspicious morn ! thy blissful rays
 Bright Seraphs hail in songs of praise.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,
 Reluctant death resign'd
 The glorious Prince of Life,
 Its dark domains confin'd :
 Th' angelic host around him bends,
 And 'midst their shouts the God ascends.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Heav'n with hosannas rings ;
 While earth in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings :
 Worthy art thou who once wast slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.
- 4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
 Ascend thy conqu'ring car,
 While justice, truth and love,
 Maintain the glorious war :
 Victorious thou, thy foes shalt tread,
 And sin and hell in triumph lead.
- 5 Make bare thy potent arm,
 And wing th' unerring dart,
 With salutary pangs,
 To each rebellious heart.
 Then dying souls for life shall sue,
 Num'rous as drops of morning dew.

BEFORE SERMON.

288.

NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
 Descending from above,
 His waiting family inspire
 With joy, and peace, and love !

2 How wretched do our souls appear,
 If thou refuse to bless ?
 Our lips will utter heartless prayer,
 And offer vain address.

3 Touch with a living coal the lip
 That shall proclaim thy word,
 And bid each hearer deeply keep
 Attention to the Lord.

4 Then shall we prove thy worship sweet,
 And love thy sacred courts ;
 Where saints in blest communion meet,
 And God, *our* God resorts.

289.

Christ's glory.

Hotham.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ the true and only light ;
 Sun of righteousness arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night :
 Day-spring from on high, be near ;
 Day-star, in our hearts appear,

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompany'd by thee ;

Joylefs is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams we fee.
 Lord, thine inward light impart,
 Cheering each benighted heart.

- 3 Visit ev'ry soul of thine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill with radiancy divine,
 Scatter all our unbelief;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

290.

Casting the gospel net.

WHEN Peter thro' the tedious night,
 Had often cast his net in vain :
 By Christ's command at morning light,
 He spread it in the deep again.

- 2 Once more the gospel net we cast,
 Do thou, O Lord, the effort own ;
 We learn from disappointments past,
 To rest our hope on thee alone.
- 3 Be this a memorable hour,
 To souls in Satan's bondage led ;
 O clothe thy word with sov'reign pow'r,
 To break the rocks, and raise the dead !
- 4 Have mercy on our num'rous youth,
 Who, young in years, are old in sin ;
 And by thy Spirit and thy truth,
 Shew them the state their souls are in.
- 5 Then by a Saviour's dying love
 To ev'ry wounded heart reveal'd,
 Temptations, fears, and guilt remove,
 And be their sun, and strength, and shield.

- 6 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine ;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.
- 7 O hear our prayer, and give us hope,
That when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up,
To love and praise thee in our room.

291.

A blessing requested.

Helmley.

- COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed :
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed ;
From thy Gospel
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing,
Which thy word's design'd to give :
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive :
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live !

292.

- NOW, Lord, inspire the preacher's heart,
And teach his tongue to speak ;
Food to the hungry soul impart,
And cordials to the weak.
- 2 Furnish us all with light and pow'rs
To walk in Wisdom's ways ;
So shall the benefit be ours,
And thou shalt have the praise.

293.

THY promise, Lord, and thy command,
Have brought us here to-day ;
And now we humbly waiting stand
To hear what thou wilt say.

- 2 Meet us, we pray, with words of peace,
And fill our hearts with love ;
That from our follies we may cease,
And henceforth faithful prove.

294.

S. M.

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercies door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

- 2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed ;
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.
- 3 The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give ;
Oh, hear the pray'r of faith, and grant,
That we may eat, and live.

AFTER SERMON.

295.

WITH Israel's God who can compare ?
Or who like Israel happy are ?
O people saved by the Lord,
He is thy shield and great reward !

- 2 Upheld by everlasting arms,
Thou art secur'd from foes and harms ;
In vain their plots, and false their boasts,
Our refuge is the Lord of hosts.

296.

2 Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour
And the Father's boundless love,
With the holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

297.

Heb. xiii. 20. 24.

Cookham;

NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep !

- 2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight ;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night ?
3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

298.

GLORY to God the Father's name,
 To Jesus who for sinners dy'd;
 The holy Spirit claims the same,
 By whom our souls are sanctify'd.

- 2 Thy praise was sung when time began
 By angels thro' the starry spheres;
 And shall as now, be sung by man.
 Thro' vast eternity's long years.

BAPTISM.

299.

HOW large the promise ! how divine,
 To Abrah'm and his seed !
 " I'll be a God to thee and thine,
 Supplying all their need !"

- 2 The words of his extensive love
 From age to age endure ;
 The Angel of the cov'nant proves,
 And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
 To our great fathers giv'n ;
 He takes young children to his arms,
 And calls them heirs of heav'n.
- 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways !
 His love endures the same ;
 Nor from the promise of his grace
 Blots out the childrens name.

LORD'S SUPPER.

300.

Matt. xxvi. 26,---29.

- 'T WAS on the night when doom'd to know,
 The eager rage of every foe,
 That night in which he was betray'd,
 The Saviour of the world took bread ;
- 2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n
 To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
 That symbol of his flesh he broke,
 And thus to all his followers spoke :
- 3 My broken body thus I give
 For you, my friends, take eat and live ;
 And oft the sacred rite renew,
 That brings my wond'rous love to view.
- 4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
 And God anew he thank'd and prais'd ;
 While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
 And from his lips salvation flow'd.
- 5 My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
 To cleanse the soul in sin that lies ;
 In this the covenant is seal'd,
 And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.
- 6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
 Let saints partake the sacred draught ;
 Through latest ages let it pour
 In mem'ry of my dying hour.

301.

*Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ.**Gal. vi. 14.*

- W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross
 On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God:
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet;
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

302.

Welcome to the table.

- T**HIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
 And God invites to sup;
 The juices of the living vine
 Were press'd to fill the cup.
- 2 O bless the Saviour ye that eat,
 With royal dainties fed;
 Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
 For Jesus is the bread,

- 3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
 Ye trembling souls, appear !
 The righteous in their own esteem
 Have no acceptance here.
- 4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
 The banquet spread for you ;
 Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
 Then I may venture too.
- 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
 And may obtain a place,
 Surely the Lord will welcome me,
 And I shall see his face.

303-

Jesus hastening to suffer.

THE Saviour, what a noble flame
 Was kindled in his breast,
 When, hastening to Jerusalem,
 He march'd before the rest !

- 2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
 His ev'ry thought engross ;
 He longs to be baptiz'd with blood,
 He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his suff'rings full in view,
 And woes to us unknown,
 Forth to the task his spirit flew,
 'Twas love that urg'd him on.
- 4 Lord, we return thee what we can !
 Our hearts shall sound abroad,
 Salvation to the dying man,
 And to the rising God !
- 5 And while thy bleeding glories here
 Engage our wond'ring eyes,
 We learn our lighter crosses to bear,
 And hasten to the skies.

304.

Looking at the cross.

- I**N evil long I took delight,
 Unaw'd by shame or fear,
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
 In agonies and blood,
 Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath
 Can I forget that look ;
 It seem'd to charge me with his death,
 Tho' not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
 And plung'd me in despair ;
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
 And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;
 But now my tears are vain :
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
 For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
 " I freely all forgive ;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid,
 I die that thou may'st live."
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue,
 (Such is the mystery of grace),
 It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
 My Spirit now is fill'd,
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by him I kill'd,

305.

Communion with the saints in glory.

- R**EFRESHED by the bread and wine,
 The pledges of our Saviour's love ;
 Now let our hearts and voices join
 In songs of praise with those above.
- 2 Do they sing, " Worthy is the Lamb ?"
 Altho' we cannot reach their strains,
 Yet we, through grace, can sing the same ;
 For us he dy'd, for us he reigns.
- 3 If they behold him face to face,
 While we a glimpse can only see ;
 Yet equal debtors to his grace,
 As safe and as belov'd are we.
- 4 They had, like us, a suff'ring time,
 Our cares, and fears, and griefs they knew ;
 But they have conquer'd all through him,
 And we, e'er long, shall conquer too.
- 5 Tho' all the songs of saints in light
 Are far beneath his matchless worth,
 His grace is such, he will not slight
 The poor attempts of worms on earth.

FAST-DAY HYMNS.

306.

Confession and prayer.

OH may the power which melts the rock,
 Be felt by all assembled here !
 Or else our service will but mock
 The God whom we profess to fear.

- 2 Lord, while thy judgments shake the land,
Thy people's eyes are fix'd on thee !
We own thy just uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not see.
- 3 How long hast thou bestow'd thy care
On this indulg'd ungrateful spot ;
While other nations far and near,
Have envy'd and admir'd our lot.
- 4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious gospel brightly shone,
And oft our enemies have felt
That God has made our cause his own.
- 5 But ah ! both heav'n and earth have heard,
Our vile requital of his love !
We, whom like children he has rear'd.
Rebels against his goodness prove.
- 6 His grace despis'd, his power defy'd,
And legions of the blackest crimes,
Profaneness, riot, lust, and pride,
Are signs that mark the present times.
- 7 The Lord displeas'd, has rais'd his rod ;
Ah, where are now the faithful few
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do.
- 8 Lord, hear thy people ev'ry where,
Who meet to mourn, confess, and pray ;
The nation and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

307.

The hiding-place.

Fairfax:

SEE the gloomy gath'ring cloud
Hanging o'er a sinful land !
Sure the Lord proclaims aloud,
Times of trouble are at hand ;

Happy they who love his name !
 They shall always find him near ;
 Tho' the earth were wrapp'd in flame,
 They have no just cause for fear.

2 Hark, his voice, in accents mild,
 Oh, how comforting and sweet !
 Speaks to every humble child,
 Pointing out a sure retreat !
 Come and in my chambers hide,
 To my saints of old well known ;
 There you safely may abide,
 Till the storm be overblown.

3 You have only to repose
 On my wisdom, love, and care ;
 When my wrath consumes my foes,
 Mercy shall my children spare ;
 While they perish in the flood,
 You that bear my holy mark,
 Sprinkled with atoning blood,
 Shall be safe within the ark.

4 Sinners, see the ark prepar'd !
 Haste to enter while there's room ;
 Though the Lord his arm has bar'd,
 Mercy still retards your doom :
 Seek him while there yet is hope,
 Ere the day of grace be past,
 Lest in wrath he give you up,
 And this call should prove your last.

308.

God's patience leadeth to repentance.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend ;
 'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
 Our humble hopes depend.

- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display :
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God ! and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are ?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, " Forbear."
- 4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise,
Through this most sinful isle !
What land so favour'd through the skies !
And yet, what land so vile !
- 5 How chang'd, alas, are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame !
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name !
- 6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
False pleasures they require ;
And sink, with gay indiff'rence, down
To everlasting fire.
- 7 O turn thou us, Almighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace ;
Then shall our hearts receive thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

309.

The stupidity of Israel, and of Britain, lamented.

- L**ORD, when thine Israel we survey,
We in their crimes discern our own ;
And if thou turn our pray'r away,
Our mis'ry must, like theirs, be known.
- 2 To us thy prophets have been sent,
With words of terror and of love ;

- But not the vengeance nor the grace,
 Ten thousand stubborn hearts will move.
- 3 Our eyes are blind, and deaf our ears ;
 Our hearts are harden'd into stone ;
 As we would bar thy mercy out,
 And leave a way for wrath alone.
- 4 Justly our God might give us up
 To plague, and famine, and the sword ;
 Till towns and cities, rich and fair,
 Lay desolate without a lord.
- 5 O'er bleeding wounds of slaughter'd friends
 Rivers of helpless grief might flow,
 Till the fierce conqu'ror's haughty rage
 Dragg'd us to chains and slaughter too.
- 6 But spare a nation long thy own,
 And shew new miracles of grace ;
 'Tis thine to heal the deaf and blind,
 And wake the dead to life and praise.

310.

*The abounding of iniquity, and coldness of Christian
 love. Matth. xxiv. 12.*

- A LAS for Britain, and her sons !
 What hath she not to fear ?
 The sins that ruin'd Sodom once,
 O how triumphant here !
- 2 Alas the strong o'erflowing tide !
 How fiercely doth it rage !
 And each foreboding symptom joins
 In terrible presage.
- 3 Yet who hath eyes that can discern ?
 Or who an ear to hear ?

Whose heart is trembling for the ark?
Or for his country dear?

- 4 Cold is the love of Christian breasts,
If Christian breasts remain;
And dying the last sparks of zeal,
Or its last efforts vain.
- 5 Of Britain, oft chastis'd and sav'd,
What shall the end be found?
Shall not the sword that waves so long,
Inflict the deeper wound?
- 6 O stay thine arm, all-gracious God!
Thy Spirit largely pour;
He can the streams of guilt restrain,
And dying love restore.

311.

An evening hymn.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own Almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And balmy sleep mine eye-lids close;
Sleep that my frame shall vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.

312.

On opening a place of worship.

Trumpet.

- I**N sweet exalted strains
 The King of glory praise;
 O'er heaven and earth he reigns
 Thro' everlasting days:
 He with a nod the world controuls,
 Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
- 2 To earth he bends his throne,
 His throne of grace divine;
 Wide is his bounty known,
 And wide his glories shine:
 Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
 Is with his smiles and presence blest.
- 3 Then, King of glory, come,
 And with thy favour crown
 This temple as thy dome,
 This people as thy own:
 Beneath this roof, O deign to shew,
 How God can dwell with men below.
- 4 Here may thine ears attend
 Our interceding cries,
 And grateful praise ascend
 All fragrant to the skies:
 Here may thy word melodious sound,
 And spread celestial joys around.
- 5 Here, may th' attentive throng
 Imbibe thy truth and love,

And converts join the song
Of seraphim above,
And willing crowds surround thy board
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

- 6 Here, may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days :
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

313.

Prayer for ministers.

CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May ev'ry under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on thee !

- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare
To execute thy will :
Compassion, patience, love and care,
And faithfulness and skill.
- 3 Enflame their minds with holy zeal
Their flocks to feed and teach ;
And let them live, and let them feel
The sacred truths they preach.
- 4 Oh, never let the sheep complain,
That toys, which fools amuse,
Ambition, pleasure, praise or gain,
Debase the shepherd's views.
- 5 He that for these forbears to feed
The souls whom Jesus loves,
Whate'er he may profess, or plead,
An idol shepherd proves.

- 6 The sword of God shall break his arm,
 A blast shall blind his eye ;
 His word shall have no pow'r to warm,
 His gifts shall all grow dry.
- 7 O Lord, avert this heavy woe,
 Let all thy shepherds say !
 And grace, and strength, on each bestow,
 To labour while 'tis day.

314.

The traveller's psalm.

- H**OW are thy servants blest'd, O Lord,
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
 High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will :
 The sea that roars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
 Thy goodness we'll adore ;
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;

And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

315.

A welcome to Christian friends.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake,
The joys which only he can give !

- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n
To know the Saviour's precious name,
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end, the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love !
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus ;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who liv'd, and dy'd, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below ;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

At parting.

BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
But we are join'd in heart.

- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our head,
We wait his will to know,
That we in his dear steps may tread,
And do his work below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside ;
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem
But Jesus crucify'd !
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace ;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

On the death of a pastor.

NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry :
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh ?

- 2 What tho' the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade ?
What tho' the pastor be remov'd,
And number'd with the dead ?
- 3 Though mortal shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,

- The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue.
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 5 " Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
" My church shall safe abide ;
" For I will ne'er forsake my own,
" Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through ev'ry scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust ;
And this shall be our brethren's song,
When we are cold in dust.

318.

Another:

- F**AR from affliction, toil and care,
The happy soul is fled ;
The breathless clay shall slumber here,
Amongst the silent dead.
- 2 The gospel was his joy and song,
Ev'n to his latest breath ;
The truth he had maintain'd so long,
Was his support in death.
- 3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
Above this dusky sphere ;
He had an earnest of that bliss
While he sojourned here.
- 4 His body rests beneath the ground
Till that tremendous day,
When the last trumpet's thund'ring sound
Shall wake his sleeping clay.

- 5 The church's loss we all deplore,
And shed the falling tear ;
We shall behold his face no more,
Till Jesus shall appear.
- 6 But we are hast'ning to the tomb ;
O may we ready stand !
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home
To dwell at thy right hand.

319.

Dismission Hymn.

- L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us all depart in peace,
Still on gospel manna feed us ;
Pure seraphic love increase.
- 2 Fill each breast with consolation,
Up to thee our voices raise,
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
- 3 And sing Hallelujah to God and the Lamb,
Forever and ever, forever and ever.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Amen.

320.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

003

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- 1 **T**HE BIBLE is the book of God,
Which he alone could frame;
A little child may learn to prove
It answers to its name.
- 2 The great JEHOVAH it reveals,
So glorious and so good:
So much of God, though God could tell,
No other being could.
- 3 The wisest men, that never saw
This book, when they have try'd
The character of God to draw,
His glories have deny'd.
- 4 Some made a spotted bull their god,
And some to serpents pray'd:
Idols of metal, stone, or wood,
They call'd upon for aid.
- 5 The Bible shews *one* God alone,
Right reason joins in this:
Tho' reason *now* in fallen man
The glorious truth might miss.
- 6 First, best, and greatest Cause of all;
A character complete:
How glorious is JEHOVAH's name,
Where all perfections meet!
- 7 This book contains his holy law,
Th' eternal rule of right;
How happy must all creatures be,
Would they herein unite.
- 8 All duty in one word is summ'd,
That one sweet word is "Love."
How short, how holy, just, and good!
May I this law approve!
- 9 To Him who is supremely good,
Supreme affection's due:
Deal by your neighbour as you'd have
Your neighbour deal by you.
- 10 None else but God who knows the heart,
This sacred book could pen,
Which does detect the inward thoughts
And secret lusts of men.
- 11 *But what avails to know our ail,
Unless we know the cure?*

*This is a melancholy tale,
That endless woe is sure.*

- 12 *Can none escape the wrath of God?
Are all condemn'd to hell?
Who can but dread that dark abode?
Who can with devils dwell?*
- 13 *The same blest book reveals the way
To life above the skies;
The very chief of sinners may
Receive so rich a prize.*
- 14 *Will God revoke his firm decree,
That he who sins must die?
And disannul his law for me,
And lay his anger by?*
- 15 *His law can never be repeal'd,
It is too just and good:
Better a thousand sinful worlds
Should perish than it should.*
- 16 *But how can sinners satisfy
The law which once they broke?
Will penitence for payment stand,
And so keep off the stroke?*
- 17 *No, all the sinner's efforts here
Would fruitless be and vain;
Nor streams, nor floods of flowing tears,
Could wash away the stain.*
- 18 *A Surety must be found to pay
The debt which sinners ow'd;
He must the holy law obey,
And bear our heavy load.*
- 19 *But where shall such an one be found?
What creature is so kind,
Of all who dwell on earthly ground:
Or what angelic mind?*
- 20 *Mankind are all involv'd in sin;
Nor would an angel dare
So great a work to undertake,
Or such a load to bear.*
- 21 *No creature truly can suffice,
But God's eternal Son
For this descended from the skies,
And put our nature on.*

- 22 Jesus, I say, th' incarnate word,
Did all the law obey:
And thus its honour was restor'd,
Which sinners took away.
- 23 He bore his people's countless sins,
And dy'd that they might live;
And all poor sinners shall be sav'd,
Who in his name believe.
- 24 *Had God the Son more love to man
Than God the Father had?
Or did he come to die, because
He thought the law too bad?*
- 25 No; God so lov'd a ruin'd world
He sent his Son to die;
Then rais'd him up again, to sit
On his right hand on high.
- 26 Christ meant to *magnify* the law,
And ransom sinners too:
He dy'd that we, with joy and awe,
Might grace and justice view.
- 27 Now God is just, yet justifies
Each sinner who believes,
Sin is condemn'd, the law secur'd,
God all the praise receives.
- 28 God's glory highly is advanc'd,
And peace on earth proclaim'd;
Good will is shewn to sinful men,
From Satan thus reclaim'd.
- 29 We ought indeed with rapt'rous joy,
To hear this joyful sound;
But O! in our apostate race,
What wickedness is found!
- 30 All men are so in love with sin,
They will not from it part,
Nor let the blest Redeemer in
To their ungrateful heart.
- 31 A free salvation they despise,
They scorn to be forgiv'n;
This empty world they idolize,
And have no taste for heav'n.
- 32 *Will none then own their wretched state,
And humbly sue for grace?*

- No, not till God renews the mind,
And doth his pride abase.
- 33 Thus we as much God's Spirit need,
Our spirits to renew,
As that his Son for us should bleed,
To give the law its due.
- 34 *And can the Spirit by his pow'r,
Renew the man afresh?*
Yes; he removes the heart of stone,
And gives a heart of flesh.
- 35 *Are none so good, but that they need
An interest in his grace?*
Not one by any other means
Can see the Father's face.
- 36 *Are none so bad but that he can
Their load of guilt remove?*
There is no limit to his power,
No limit to his love.
- 37 *When did the Saviour condescend
To die for wretched man?*
It was about four thousand years
Since time on earth began.
- 38 Near eighteen hundred years are past
Since Jesus Christ was seen
On Jewish ground in mortal flesh,
Appearing poor and mean.
- 39 No worldly pomp did he assume;
He did false greatness scorn;
Conceiv'd in a poor virgin's womb,
And in a stable born.
- 40 He pass'd for humble Joseph's son,
But was the Son of God;
The earth itself might well be proud
That he upon it trod.
- 41 He once a carpenter was call'd,
Who built the earth and skies:
Proud men would not their Maker own
In such a low disguise.
- 42 *How could they think that this was He
The Saviour all divine?*
*Strange that his Godhead was not known
By some undoubted sign?*

- 43 The Saviour did not come to reign,
 In gaudy pomp below ;
 But the law's honour to maintain,
 And God's free love to show.
- 44 He came to cleanse away our sins,
 By his most precious blood ;
 And liv'd, and dy'd, and rose again,
 For our eternal good.
- 45 Long time before had God foretold
 His advent and design ;
 Which all the prophets witness'd to,
 Inspir'd by light divine.
- 46 They nam'd the nation, tribe, and race,
 From which he should descend ;
 Said Bethl'em was his natal place ;
 Shew'd how his life should end.
- 47 The ancient Prophets now were dead,
 The Jews their tombs adorn'd ;
 But him to whom those witness'd,
 They all abhorr'd and scorn'd.
- 48 Thus they who kept the prophecies,
 Those prophecies fulfill'd,
 Rejected Him, the Prince of Life,
 And crucified and kill'd.
- 49 They hop'd a king, with mighty pow'r,
 And purple for his robe,
 Would elevate their nation high
 Above a conquer'd globe.
- 50 Victorious arms, triumphal cars,
 Sceptres, and crowns and thrones,
 Guards, courtiers, palaces and feasts,
 And gold, and precious stones.
- 51 Such pompous baubles fill'd their minds ;
 These tokens they expect,
 Must point the great Messiah forth---
 So Jesus they reject.
- 52 No crown of gold the Saviour wore ;
 They crown'd him once with thorn :
 No sceptre in his hand he bore ;
 They gave a reed in scorn.
- 53 He had no place to lay his head,
 Much less a palace proud ;
 Was hungry, thirsty, hard-bested,
 His guards a vulgar crowd.

- 54 His steps poor fishermen attend,
With neither place nor pay ;
Nor had he ready cash at hand,
The tribute to defray.
- 55 The shameful cross he made his throne,
And there resign'd his breath ;
The sepulchre was not his own,
Which held him after death.
- 56 O who could think this low disguise
Conceal'd heav'n's glorious Lord ?
By hosts angelic, in the skies,
Surrounded and ador'd.
- 57 His throne is heav'n ; his footstool earth ;
In robes of light array'd ;
Clouds are his car ; his thund'ring voice
Makes all the earth afraid.
- 58 They best his boundless riches know
Who live with him above,
Where springs of bliss for ever flow,
And banquet on his love.
- 59 Immortal honours, endless joys,
He for his saints prepares ;
Made by him kings and priests to God,
His children and his heirs.
- 60 His birth seem'd mean on earth below,
But angels at it sang ;
While all the firmament around
With heav'nly music rang.
- 61 The Jews their new-born prince disown ;
But wise men from afar,
To visit our Redeemer came,
Conducted by a star.
- 62 No flatt'ring nobles cring'd around ;
But patients, who applied,
Healing for soul and body found,
Nor once was one denied.
- 63 He made the dumb his praises sing ;
The lame for joy to leap ;
His word restor'd the blind to sight,
And wak'd the dead from sleep.
- 64 No armed guards, nor gaudy slaves,
His followers were made :
But health and sickness, life and death,
His potent word obey'd.

- 65 The cruel devils, at his word,
Were forc'd to quit their prey ;
Death and the grave confess'd their Lord,
And durst not disobey.
- 66 He not on fine wrought carpets trod,
But walk'd upon the sea ;
Th' obedient waves confess the God,
And the tam'd winds agree.
- 67 Thousands repeatedly were fed,
When Jesus made the feast ;
He pray'd, and a few loaves of bread
Supply'd a full repast.
- 68 Tribute from him, when men demand,
Obedient to his wish,
The sea conveys it to his hand,
And sends it by a fish.
- 69 Ev'n in his death his glory shines ;
The sun, in black array'd,
Abhors the monstrous crime, which makes
The trembling earth afraid.
- 70 Though men, ungrateful and unjust,
His agonies deride,
The rocks were rent, the graves were burst,
When Jesus groan'd and died.
- 71 Boast, O devouring grave, that he
Was once thy captive made ;
Or rather own thy conqueror,
Who did thy realms invade.
- 72 The king of terrors lost his sting,
When Christ triumphant rose ;
And now his dying saints may sing,
And smile at all their foes.
- 73 To chosen witnesses he prov'd
His resurrection clear ;
Their former cowardice remov'd,
And banish'd all their fear.
- 74 Endu'd with power from on high,
They publish'd in his name,
Pardon for souls condemn'd to die,
To all where'er they came.
- 75 Unlearn'd before, with ready skill,
They speak with diff'rent tongues ;
They use no arms but faith and love,
And patience under wrongs.

- 76 Their doctrine they confirm'd by signs,
Wrought all among their foes,
And miracles of power divine,
Which no one could oppose.
- 77 Like sheep amidst a host of wolves,
They venture undismay'd :
For God they act, for God they bear
The suff'rings on them laid.
- 78 Their lives all holy well confirm
The doctrines that they preach ;
Their constant deaths as plainly prove
The blessed truths they teach.
- 79 And still by earth and hell oppos'd,
These truths maintain their ground ;
Their blest effects from age to age,
By thousands have been found.
- 80 Satan has varied his assaults,
But never could prevail ;
The church is founded on a Rock,
A Rock which cannot fail.
- 81 The Jews, who for their unbelief
Were scatter'd all abroad,
Are kept from all the world distinct,
And shew the truth of God.
- 82 But Christians know the sweetest sign
To prove the Bible true,
Who feel its energy divine
Their passions to subdue.
- 83 O that the Spirit may impart
This heav'nly light to me :
That I may feel a soften'd heart,
And God's own glory see.
- 84 My soul thereon shall daily feed,
Nor honey taste so sweet ;
Thy precepts, Lord, my steps shall lead,
Thy promise be my meat.
- 85 Thy statutes here shall be my song,
While I remain below,
Till I shall join the blissful throng
Who in thy presence bow.
- 86 For when my heart and flesh shall fail,
Thy word shall stedfast stand :
Thy saints thy faithfulness shall tell
To all th' angelic band.



NICVM